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THE KING OF SPAIN has abdicated, and as we go to press news comes that the royal family is busy packing up its effects and preparing to make a journey into exile, friendly though that exile may be. This is, of course, the result of the overwhelming victory of the Spanish Republicans in the municipal elections on April 12. More than two-thirds of the provincial capitals chose Republican councilors, Madrid went strongly Republican, and in labor centers the anti-monarchist vote was heavy. Upwards of 80 per cent of the qualified voters are estimated to have gone to the polls, many of them, owing to the fact that there had been no election since 1923, casting their ballots for the first time. A notable feature of the election was the general absence of disorder, the elaborate police and military preparations made by the government proving to have been largely unnecessary. The abdication, also, seems to have been conducted with orderly dispatch, and the last of the Bourbons seems likely to suffer no discomfort except the mental one of losing his throne. The Spaniards are a sensible people and evidently prefer getting their own way by peaceful means. One wonders, indeed, whether Alfonso might not have kept his throne all his life if he had made a few more gestures in the direction of republican rule. Since he did not, Spain, almost the last stronghold of monarchy, is to be a republic, as is Catalonia, which has just been declared a separate state. Niceto Zamora, leader of the Republican forces and a likely choice for president, is at work forming a cabinet and making plans for the new government.

DEPORTATION of more than 1,100 illegally resident aliens from New York alone since mid-January was joyfully announced by Secretary of Labor Doak on April 10. About 17,000 such aliens were deported last year, and the number is expected to reach 20,000 during the present year. Secretary Doak hails such action as a means of providing jobs for "worthy citizens in need of employment," and in reply to the charge that extensive deportation is not humane, he declares: "The government should protect its own citizens against illegal invaders. This I propose to do with every weapon in my power. Law is law and I intend to enforce it as long as I hold my office." In pursuit of this laudable end the Labor Department on March 24 issued orders to begin deportation of nearly 100,000 alien seamen who had deserted their ships here and under a recent Supreme Court decision were held to be illegally in this country. Two days later the President announced with something of a flourish that owing to the business depression consular agents during the five months ended February 28 had refused visas to 96,883 would-be immigrants on the ground that they might become public charges. Under normal conditions most of these aliens would have been admissible. Only 3,147 aliens arrived for permanent residence during February, the smallest number admitted in any month since 1820, when the records of the Labor Department begin. In fact, more aliens departed than arrived during February. With the State Department stretching the law to keep aliens out and the Labor Department exercising its utmost effort to put out those who have got in, the Administration prides itself on what it is doing for our unemployed.

THE LATEST TRIUMPH of science in tariff-making has been achieved in the case of cherries, sulphured or in brine, and tomatoes prepared or preserved in any way. It will not be forgotten that the new Tariff Commission adopted a new technique calculated to speed up action. Some time since they recommended reductions on the delicacies named above, but, alas, the President returned their recommendation unapproved because it was based "in some cases upon data over a period of so short experience as to make it desirable that the commission be afforded more time." Furthermore, the ever-vigilant scientist in the White House would like the commission "to review the facts upon the basis of the forthcoming crops and make another report." This is the best plan yet. Any time you don't like a report, just send it back and ask for a new one based on the next season's output. Even President Coolidge never thought of that. But we note with grief the unscientific outgiving of James D. Mooney, vice-president of the General Motors Corporation, telling the New York Board of Trade that when we passed the Hawley-Smoot tariff we made the mistake of slamming the door in the face of prospective customers who wanted to exchange goods for goods, and that pending European tariff arrangements were likely to make

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it harder yet for us to sell automobiles and other American products in transatlantic markets. Who knows? Perhaps next year's automobile crop may finally do more than next year's cherry crop to induce us to lower our obstructive tariff rates.

COMPETITION RUN WILD in crude-oil production has led to many unsuccessful attempts at stabilization. The numerous smaller independents, unsuccessful in the last Congress in their attempt to get a tariff or an embargo on oil imports, have by no means given up their efforts. A so-called conservation conference has just been held between the Federal Oil Conservation Board and the Oil States Advisory Committee representing the governors of the nine chief oil-producing States. Inconclusive recommendations were adopted looking to the stabilization of production through federal-State cooperation with the industry within each State. In fact, conference and recommendation can do little when there are large numbers of independent producers. Senator Borah voices the warning that the consumer is being forgotten in all this planning, and urges that in order to prevent excessive prices for refined products the oil industry should be made a public utility subject to government regulation. What little progress has thus far been made toward stabilization has rested on the control of oil pools by a few powerful companies, and we do well to realize that effective stabilization and price control are not to be attained so long as the ownership of the basic oil resources remains in competing private hands.

SIR PERCY BATES, chairman of the board of the Cunard Company, fresh from the report of a staggering fall in profits for 1930, lays before the stockholders details of the company's new $30,000,000, 73,000-ton liner now under construction on the Clyde. The contract for a second ship of similar character, it is stated, will shortly be given to John Brown and Company, builders of the present vessel. With characteristic British thoroughness the builders have extended the designing of this great ship over four more years, and she will embody everything that the Cunard Company has been able to learn about safety, comfort, and luxury, together with a speed so great that with two ships the company will be able to maintain a weekly express service, thus meeting the powerful competition of the North German Lloyd's Bremen and Europa, to say nothing of the forthcoming French super-liner. While the Cunard Company would be glad, if possible, to recapture "the blue ribbon of the Atlantic," Sir Percy declares that the board has in mind primarily regularity of service, safety, and comfort—all in the best Cunard tradition. There is something magnificent in the competition of these great shipping companies, driving them on to larger, more luxurious, and faster ships, but the price is paid in an ocean over-tonnaged and in a shipping and shipbuilding industry struggling through recurrent periods of distress.

CHINA WANTS full recognition as a free and independent state, and to that end insists that the privileges of extraterritoriality which a number of foreign nations claim for their subjects shall be given up. For more than two years the Nationalist Government at Nanking has been negotiating with the United States, Great Britain, France, and Japan for the abolition of extraterritoriality, it being understood that whatever agreement was made by these four Powers would be accepted by others. Nothing really important has been accomplished toward satisfying what Dr. C. T. Wang, Chinese Foreign Minister, describes as "the admittedly legitimate aspirations of the Chinese government and people," and Dr. Wang has now announced that unless a satisfactory solution of the difficulty with the United States and Great Britain is found before the meeting of the people's convention, on May 5, it will be necessary to declare that the negotiations have reached a deadlock. Why France and Japan, which have done no better than Great Britain and the United States, were not included in the warning is not clear. Washington is said to regard Dr. Wang's pronouncement as intended mainly for home consumption, and to expect a postponement of the people's convention for at least two months. The difficulty in granting China's request heretofore has been obvious, and it is by no means certain that the disorders which have jeopardized the existence of the Nanking Government will soon disappear, but until they do the foreign Powers may be expected to hold to their extraterritorial rights as the only means of insuring legal protection for their citizens.

AT THE INVITATION of Foreign Minister Arthur Henderson, Chancellor Brüning and Foreign Minister Curtius of Germany will visit England informally in the early part of June. First reports of this proposed visit gave rise to much speculation and to sharp criticism in some European capitals, but comment has now taken on a more understanding and friendly tone. The exact scope of the proposed discussions has not been publicly announced, but they will doubtless range widely over the field of European economic and political relations. Newspaper dispatches have surrounded the origin of Mr. MacDonald's invitation with mystery, but since the invitation followed close on the heels of Mr. Henderson's demand that the proposed Austro-German customs union should be submitted to the Council of the League of Nations, and Germany, while letting it be known eventually that it had no objections, has also made it clear that it did not regard League approval as necessary, it may very well be that some third party, with friendly access to Mr. MacDonald's ear, suggested to the British Prime Minister that an informal talk with the Germans would be worth while. If such was the case, it was probably a useful piece of unofficial diplomacy, rather more certain than not to clear the air and let each party know where the other stands.

THE SOCIALIST PARTY of Chicago is prepared to attempt to force another mayoralty election in that city because its candidate, John M. Collins, was barred from the ticket. The candidacies of Collins and four other minor-party nominees were declared invalid by the Chicago Board of Election Commissioners on technical grounds. The Socialists sought a writ of mandamus from Circuit Judge Thomas Taylor, who ruled in effect that the action of the election commissioners was illegal, but that because it would cost the city a few thousand dollars to reprint the ballots he found himself obliged to refuse to issue the writ. "Economics," he said, "are as much a part of our civilization as fanciful rights of liberty," and in summing up he announced that the right

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of a minority party to be heard is more or less fanciful, "because if you took a referendum of the people whether they should pay for these ballots and permit the Socialists to go on the ticket you know what would happen." Judicial tyranny against minority parties could not have been more brutally frank. However, the Socialists, aided by the American Civil Liberties Union, are preparing to take this case to the highest court in Illinois. On the face of the evidence they appear to have a good case, but that they will win it is by no means certain.

THE LOS ANGELES *RECORD*, a paper that has been more than once distinguished for original and pertinent observation, has a few things to say about war that are astonishing, coming from California, and worth pondering by anybody. Under the title Rules for the Next War, the *Record* prints the following:

> A new world war will kill off surplus labor. This obviously is the easiest way of solving a difficult problem; it is so much easier to start a war than to apply common sense to world ills.
>
> Well, if we are going to have another war, we might as well have some rules for it. We therefore offer for public approval this model set:
>
> 1. That all Congressmen and Senators voting for war be given the choice of enlisting in the shock troops or being shot on the Capitol steps.
> 2. That each battleship, cruiser, destroyer, and submarine shall carry as excess baggage one or more stockholders in battleship-building concerns.
> 3. That all manufacturers of war supplies be hanged when their profits reach the million-dollar mark.
> 4. That all holy men who announce to their congregations that "God is fighting with us" be dispatched to interview God personally on the subject and find out.
> 5. That college professors be estopped from delving into history to prove that the enemy always was a low-down scoundrel, anyway.
> 6. That the secret service be restrained from the discovery of "enemy plots" every time somebody turns on a light in the parlor.
> 7. That the cause of the war shall be clearly stated to the nation as the reduction of unemployment, and not disguised as "a holy war to save civilization."

THE BEST TESTIMONIAL our colleges and universities have had in a long time comes from the lips of that sterling patriot and spender of special party funds, Robert H. Lucas, executive director of the Republican National Committee, who finds it well-nigh impossible to make good traditional Republicans out of young persons infected with the heresies of university theorists. Says the practical Mr. Lucas:

> Inasmuch as it seems to be hopeless to expect a reform in the textbooks which teach free trade, internationalism, public ownership of private industry, etc., and inasmuch as it is apparently equally hopeless to expect the teachers in institutions of higher education to abandon their radicalism and socialistic theories, the approach to the young man and the young woman who is about to become a citizen must be made independent of our educational system.

The more independent the better. Did Mr. Lucas ever consider keeping the boys and girls in entire ignorance? Who knows but that we could make the country solidly Republican that way? But after all, Mr. Lucas is unduly disturbed. The percentage of ignorance among our graduates is high enough to maintain a good working Republican majority. Thought is not very catching, even in the colleges, and a high proportion of the population is wholly immune. Let the Republican sage not despair.

THE WORKS OF JOHN MILTON, for the first time full and complete, are beginning to make their appearance over the imprint of the Columbia University Press. The first two volumes, in four parts, have just been issued, and are handsomely printed and bound in a format, as the announcements say, "worthy of the contents." The set will consist of eighteen volumes in all, sixteen of which will be the prose works. To those who think of Milton as an English poet of unquestioned nobility but a little hard to read, this will come somewhat as a surprise. The truth is that through most of his middle years Milton was a publicist in the thick of current politics; he wrote of the position of the church, of the civil power, of divorce, education, the tenure of kings. He wrote voluminously on Christian doctrine—four of the present large volumes are needed to complete "De Doctrina Christiana." When he was young he wrote "Lycidas" and the others of the minor poems; when he was past fifty and blind he wrote "Paradise Lost." The Columbia University "Milton" is a handsome and highly creditable addition to scholarship; under the general editorship first of Professor William P. Trent and finally of Professor Frank Allen Patterson, with their associates, it brings prestige and honor to the university.

FIFTY YEARS AGO Booker T. Washington, with thirty pupils and with an appropriation of $2,000 from the Alabama legislature, started his new "normal" school in one shabby building at Tuskegee. It is a pity that he could not have been present at the celebration of his school's semi-centenary, when its proud progress was recounted, and prouder hopes were raised for its future. Sixteen hundred students take the place of his thirty; an endowment of more than $7,000,000 makes the institution secure; forty trades are taught there; and some 132 buildings house the whole. This is good work. Tuskegee started in the black belt of Alabama when not more than a handful of Southerners would have testified that the Negro was at best anything but an irresponsible if amiable child. Fifty years of labor have demonstrated beyond question that the Negro is and will continue to be a hard-working, responsible citizen of his country. It is for Tuskegee now to recognize that the tasks of the next half-century will differ from those of the last. Having established the Negro as a responsible citizen, its task is now to educate him as such; not merely by continuing to conduct a competent trade school, but by offering all the opportunities that an increasingly educated Negro group will demand. That it is mindful of this obligation is evidenced in the John A. Andrews Hospital Clinic held at the school every year, one of the few large clinics in the country where Negro physicians and surgeons can discuss their common problems with successful white practitioners. This is one direction in which the new Tuskegee is reaching out. And while we salute the old Tuskegee, it is to the new Tuskegee and to schools like it that we must look for the future of the Negro race.

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The Class War Enters Science

THE address of Nikolai Bukharin before the Conference for Planned Organization of Scientific Investigational Work at Moscow raises an issue in Soviet Russia of far-reaching importance. Bukharin is quoted in the New York *Times* as saying:

> So-called pure science, that is, science devoid of contact with practical life, is a figment. The whole fabric of scientific investigational work in capitalist countries is a weapon in the hands of capitalist magnates and governments and their industrial and military organizations. . . . The problems before us require a decisive and categorical break with bourgeois traditions of old academism and their conversion to the task of solving immediate, practical difficulties.

Russian scientists, he concluded, must now choose whether to throw in their lot whole-heartedly with the Socialist system or "hide their hostility behind a screen of pure science and its abstraction from the national life."

The question immediately raised by these remarks is this: Assuming that the Kremlin were to make them the basis of its attitude toward scientific research, how would it differentiate between pure and applied science? It does not take much reflection to see that no sharp dividing line anywhere exists. The two types of science blend into each other like the adjoining colors of a rainbow. The difference between green and red is vivid enough, but precisely at what point does green become yellow, yellow orange, orange red? Scientific investigation, similarly, may be divided into an indefinite number of delicate nuances, passing from the most "pure" and rarefied theoretical speculation at one end to the most immediate and narrow application at the other.

The gradual shading of pure into applied science implies more than our mere inability to set up a sharp cleavage between them; it implies the necessary interdependence of the two kinds of science, particularly the dependence of applied upon pure science. It would be next to impossible to name an important invention of the last century and a half that did not depend upon some previous discovery or development in the field of supposed pure science. Perhaps nothing could have seemed more abstract and thoroughly useless at the time of its early development than the theory that sound consists of the transmission of physical vibrations or waves through an elastic medium, but without that knowledge there could have been no phonograph, telephone, radio, or talkie. Faraday's electromagnetic experiments led to the invention of the dynamo and other electromagnetic machines. Maxwell's investigation of the properties of electromagnetic waves led in half a century to wireless telegraphy and radio. Pasteur's discovery that fermentation, putrefaction, and many diseases are due to the action of microscopic living organisms has had enormous results in industrial, medical, and surgical progress. Mendel's experiments on the heredity of peas have already led to systematized plant-breeding, and may ultimately result in radical changes in the human race itself. Inventions, in turn, forward the progress of pure science: one need merely recall the enormous importance of the telescope and microscope.

The reader who will consult any standard history of science, such as Dampier-Whetham's, will find such instances, illustrating the intimate interdependence of pure and applied science, multiplied indefinitely. The truth seems to be that we are more successful in applied science, as in happiness, when we pursue it indirectly. The cure for cancer seems more likely to be discovered by men working on the problem in laboratories than by physicians called into such cases every day; it may even be discovered by someone now studying cytology without any direct interest in the problem of cancer at all.

One never knows, in brief, how important any theoretical discovery may prove to be. Applied science is interested in controlling nature; pure science is interested in understanding nature: but nature must be understood in order that it may be controlled. The defense of pure science is sometimes made on this ground. A defense of this sort, however, assumes that non-utilitarian science needs a utilitarian justification, and such a justification is contrary to the spirit of non-utilitarian science itself. The pure scientist wishes knowledge for its own sake, regardless of the possible future usefulness of that knowledge. Astronomy, aside from its incidental employment in navigation, is one of the most useless of the sciences, but it is also one of the noblest. To know that the earth is only a speck of dust in sickening space and the whole of human history but a watch-tick in time may not improve man's economic lot in the slightest degree, and it certainly reduces his self-importance; but a man who does not have this knowledge, who does not value it, who is not interested in knowing what sort of universe this is in which we find ourselves, seems to us an unimaginative clod, little better than an animal. The demand that science should always be useful is the essence of philistinism; it reflects a mere belly philosophy; and this ideal is not altered, but only made more dangerous and revolting, when it is put forward as a social rather than an individual ideal.

Bukharin's speech illustrates a fact often pointed out: that one of the peculiar dangers of Socialist or Communist society is that its leaders will not encourage or permit activities whose value they do not understand. But this is true also, though in a lesser degree, of a capitalist society, in which pure scientific research must depend, in the main, upon the endowments of the wealthy. In our own "business man's civilization" the work of the scientist is still directed too narrowly toward practical ends. What the scientist discovers depends to a very large extent on what the big business man thinks it important for him to discover. Even the remarkable laboratories supported by great corporations like the General Electric Company, which represent perhaps the least utilitarian aspect of big business, are under pressure to justify themselves by practical "results," and the scientists in them must depend to a large extent on the more disinterested research which goes on in the universities of America and Europe. The problem in Russia and America is basically the same: to educate those who hold the power and the purse-strings.

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Nicholas Longworth

WHEN one has said that Nicholas Longworth was a stalwart Republican, an able Speaker of the House of Representatives, a son-in-law of President Roosevelt, and an all-round good fellow, one has mentioned all the qualities and achievements for which he is likely to be remembered. He had no conspicuous part in initiating either national or party policies, and no important piece of federal legislation bears his name. The mention of his name for the Presidency carried no serious suggestion that he might be nominated. Yet he climbed steadily and surely to preferment in a House which expects its members to fight and fight hard for place, he administered the Speaker's office with a fairness and courtesy which even his most pronounced political opponents recognized, and enemies and friends alike spoke well of him when he died.

Mr. Longworth's Republicanism was of a kind which politicians everywhere regard as an essential element of party strength. From first to last Mr. Longworth was a regular. He began his political career as a henchman of George B. Cox of Ohio, one of the most astute and unscrupulous bosses the Republican Party has ever known, and Mark Hanna was one of his early friends and advisers. After he had in a measure freed himself from Cox he continued to train with the party, accepting its doctrines without question and doing his bit for whatever the party wanted. It may have taken courage to oppose Roosevelt and support Taft in 1912 and go down with others to defeat, but he had none of the temper of the progressive or even of a liberal, and he may very well have perceived that his political future, if he was to have any, was bound up with the party to which he had given his allegiance, and that he would only court disaster if he followed the Roosevelt lead whether the career of the Progressives turned out to be long or short.

When, accordingly, after a long apprenticeship in the House, he became Speaker, it was as a Republican dyed in the wool, unstained by progressivism and undeterred, though perhaps not undisturbed, by the party record of corruption and inefficiency. Yet he was to show in that office that he was neither a mere servant of the party machine nor, like some of his predecessors, a ruthless boss of his legislative associates. It is a far cry from the pompous czarism of Reed or the cynical brutality of Cannon to the courteous fairness and diplomatic skill of Longworth, but the reason is clear. No one ever thought of Reed or Cannon as a gentleman; both of them, despite their fine phrases on occasions that did not matter, despised the House and clubbed or browbeat it as they chose. Longworth was a gentleman from his heart to his immaculate attire. The House, to him, was a body to be persuaded and led—with undoubted mastery as it turned out and for the glory of the Republican Party, but by methods of impartiality and consideration rather than by those of the blaring manner and the clenched fist. He steered his ladder through the crowd without breaking heads, and even the Democrats and Progressives who rejected almost every partisan thing for which he stood and saw in him only the master of a party machine praised the skill and good temper of the feat.

By and large, the Republican Party has always both expected and welcomed the kind of distinction that Mr. Longworth brought to it. It is not by accident that the Republicans, far more than the Democrats, have drawn into their ranks the well-born and well-dressed, the wealthy and socially elect, for they have been preeminently the party of privilege and favor. Such ideas as that of the equality of all men have rested lightly upon the typical Republican mind. From the days when Federalism was giving American government its form, the Jeffersonian conception of a democratic state has been opposed by the conviction that the country must be ruled by its "best men," and it is to that conviction that the typical Republican adheres. In the Republican view of politics, wisdom lies not with the masses but with the better-educated, the well-to-do, the men of affairs, the controllers of business, industry, and finance; and the consciousness of possessing such leadership has developed a party solidarity against which the best-directed opposition, however high its motives or sound its ideas, has had difficulty in making headway.

Mr. Longworth was a representative embodiment of the notion that politics is properly the occupation of a gentleman. His political thoughts were those of his party, and from party weaknesses and sins he could turn away his face, but he was too refined to be rough and too generous to incur enmity. Actually, there was no more legislative freedom under his command than under the more strident orders of Cannon or Reed, but he did not sound a raucous yawp across the chamber or attack his opponents with an armored tank. Given a House and a party situation such as we have lately had, it can in justice be said that he played his part honorably and well.

Negroes Out of Work

IN any consideration of the general problem of unemployment the Negro is apt to be forgotten. It is assumed that inevitably a large number of Negroes are out of a job; it remains for a sober, unhysterical organization like the National Urban League to come forward and show that the percentage of Negroes among the unemployed runs sometimes four, five, or six times as high as their population percentage warrants. This is especially true, of course, in the industrial areas, and a careful study of the question indicates that the percentage of Negro unemployed runs higher in the Northern industrial centers where the Negro is limited to unskilled occupations, where he is in fact the marginal worker.

The preponderance of Negro unemployed is due to a number of causes. Obviously, in almost any community, when jobs are scarce preference is given to the white worker in case of a vacancy; but worse than this, a fairly widespread tendency is observed to replace Negro workers with white. White girls have replaced Negro waiters, hotel workers, elevator operators, of course at reduced wages; Filipinos have replaced Negro men under the same conditions. In the drought-affected areas of the Southwest, Negroes, stripped of their livelihood, have drifted to the cities—and found nothing there. Finally, there is considerable evidence that in the jobs specially created to ameliorate the difficulties of the depression—for example, in public works—

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Negroes find it much harder to get work than do whites.

The Urban League investigation discloses specifically figures for various cities that are to say the least startling. Akron, Ohio, reports 4.5 per cent of the population to be Negroes and 25 per cent of the relief cases; Baltimore, for the same relationship, reports 17 and 34 per cent respectively; Des Moines, Iowa, reports 4 per cent of the population Negroes and 25 per cent Negroes of the total unemployed; Houston, Texas, for the same relation, reports 25 and 50 per cent respectively. Englewood, New Jersey, stands at the bottom of the list with 18 per cent of the population Negroes and 92 per cent Negroes of the relief cases reported! And St. Louis, Missouri, is a close second with 9 per cent of the population Negroes, 66 per cent Negroes of the total unemployed, and 60 per cent Negroes of the families needing and receiving relief.

Here and there conditions are reported to be improving slightly. Scranton notes an improvement over last year, with only about one-tenth of its Negro population unemployed; Dayton reports that in December 50 per cent of those persons aided by welfare organizations were Negroes and in February only 38 per cent; for some reason Madison, Wisconsin, shows itself the workers' paradise by reporting briefly that State work is available for any citizen regardless of race or color. But in the main the plight of the Negro is a sore one and it is getting worse, if anything, instead of better. Measures of relief, according to the investigation, are confined almost entirely to charity, and Negroes get more charity but fewer jobs than do whites. The economic structure of the Negro race, as a result, is in an alarming state of threatened disintegration. The effect of such a disintegration upon the whites is obvious, and the unsettled state of the color question is reflected in the increased number of lynchings. If we are not careful, the present economic depression will put the solution of the Negro problem back many years.

Present-Day Politics

MRS. SIDNEY WEBB'S leading article in the *Political Quarterly* for January-March reminds us again that one of England's leading statesmen is a woman. Mrs. Webb has spent practically her whole busy life in the scientific study of social institutions, and the series of monumental volumes that she and her husband have contributed to the understanding of trade unionism, the social services, and central and local government in Great Britain testify to her competence to propose well-considered plans of governmental reform to meet present-day conditions. Her suggestions have the more interest because the problems she discusses are by no means peculiar to Great Britain, but present themselves wherever democratic government is seeking to maintain itself at the present time.

Mrs. Webb sees Britain's primary government difficulty in a House of Commons and especially a Cabinet "overtaxed beyond human capacity for thinking and taking decisive action," with a consequent growth of bureaucracy and an increasing ineffectiveness of the Commons. She points out the enormous increase in the number and complexity of the things that government has to do, reminding us, for example, that during the eighteen-nineties Gladstone rebuked Keir Hardie for mentioning unemployment in the House of Commons. It was a subject, he thought, unfit for consideration there. In addition to all the old, and many new, functions based on the exercise of power—"sovereignty, overseas relations, national defense, the main body of law, and the administration of justice between man and man"—it has come necessarily to concern itself with an immense variety of "social services, such as public health and education, pure air and pure water, insurance and industrial regulation, town planning and open spaces—all essentially subjects for organized cooperation amongst citizens to supply their common needs and fulfil their aspiration for a better and nobler life."

Mrs. Webb's proposal is essentially to separate the two groups of activities, leaving the first in the hands of the present Parliament and Cabinet, and devolving the second on a new National Assembly, with its own national executive, for Great Britain. The new organization would thus take over the business of the present Ministries of Health, Education, Labor, Agriculture and Fisheries, Transport, Mines, and Works, with branches of the Home Office and the Board of Trade. The proposal for a devolution of power is not new; but Americans, long accustomed to lament the inefficiency of Congressional as contrasted with responsible Cabinet government, will be interested to note that Mrs. Webb rejects the Cabinet system for the proposed new assembly in favor of a scheme of administration by committees as worked out by the British municipalities and county councils. This latter system she believes leads to a continuous use of the abler members of all parties, gives greater control to the elected body itself than exists in the Commons, and avoids the disadvantages of the sudden change of government that follows the fall of a responsible ministry. Whatever the success attained in British local government under such a system, in American experience it has given rise to plenty of difficulties.

We shall not attempt detailed discussion and criticism of Mrs. Webb's plan. The "breakdown of parliamentary government" is the subject of universal lament. It is occasioned by the rapid increase of the demands on government caused by the growth of the newer activities and responsibilities, notably in the economic field. In Russia this situation has been met by a revolutionary change in government. In this country, on the other hand, business, as represented largely in the policies of the national administration since 1920, has done its best to limit government as narrowly as possible to the exercise of the functions of power, trying to keep everything else in the hands of the omniscient and omnipotent business man. To this end all possible has been done to discredit both the honesty and the competence of government. Such a fatal policy is bound ultimately to have revolutionary consequences and must be strenuously resisted. But the older government organization is, in fact, ill adapted to its myriad new duties, and must be swiftly adjusted if disaster is to be avoided. Those who retain their faith in the democratic method of social progress, then, cannot afford an airy contempt for the real problems of government and politics. If we do not want sudden and violent change with all its costs and dangers, we have got to have a rapid adjustment both in the conception of government and in its forms and agencies to meet the needs of the new time. We are in pressing need of constructive political thinking to create the kind of government that the times demand.

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Broaden, Europe, or Die!*

My Country Is Not Yesterday My Country Is Tomorrow

By ROMAIN ROLLAND

GASTON RIOU'S leading article in the first number of the *Nouvelle Revue Mondiale* propounds one of the most serious problems confronting European liberals today. I feel I must reply to him without delay, even though I am still ill from an exhausting sickness. Bear with me if my pen should respond poorly to my thoughts.

I thank Gaston Riou for the friendly courtesy with which he mentions me. But he is entirely mistaken as to my true character and the stand I am taking. No one has the right to label me a sentimentalist shutting his eyes to reality in order to dream of the Promised Land merely because I have tried, in the course of my literary career, to rouse the mysterious force of dreams, the deep and primitive springs of the mystic, the musical and subsconscious force dormant at the heart of the Occident. I am a historian by nature as well as profession, hence clear-seeing, inured to seeing the chronic villainies and strayings of mankind; I am a free Frenchman, a Gaul, and not hoodwinked by the political lies and the holy principles in which the states of all times and countries clothe their unholy egoism. Certain of my books have, by their possibly disproportionate success, laid on me a moral responsibility toward a public which expects me to spoon-feed it, and my sense of responsibility has too often forced me to measure out to it as much of the truth as it could swallow. But I shall not spoon out truth here, in writing for my intellectual peers, who are, or should be, the leaders of Western democratic thinking.

When I refuse to identify myself with Count Coudenhove-Kalergi's and M. Briand's Pan-Europe, to which Gaston Riou has just brought the warm enthusiasm of his generous nature, I do so not in the name of a Utopia, a City of God, which may exist in two thousand years or may never be. This discussion concerns the very ground on which we now stand, the threatened region where we have gathered during the vigil before the fray. It concerns the assaults we shall undergo tomorrow. The idealistic intellectuals of the Franco-European League are not sufficiently alive to this. Let me remind them! If my words seem harsh and bitter I crave their pardon. I was as blindly deceived as they until the last months of 1914, and it is because I later discovered the abominable fraud that I feel I have the right to open their eyes.

Since the big European states and America, the bannerbearers of white civilization, have replaced absolute monarchy with idealistic democracy, the brutal and crafty political power which governs the world has felt the need of pretending to the people a submission to their will, which it does not consult, and to the thought-systems of their intellectual elite, which it abuses. To be exact, the masters, even in the era of absolute power, have always had recourse to lies about lofty motives, religion, country, and the like, to cover their personal passions. But today the contrast is even more glaring between the shameless cynicism of the moneyed powers who actually run the state, and the democratic fiction with its sublime phantoms of right, justice, and liberty, which those powers employ as their slogan and screen.

Among us, comrades, no man is still duped unless he wants to be. We know very well that the people in our democracies govern nothing, and know nothing about government. For their one source of information is the press, and that is almost entirely sold out to the money powers. Hence the force of the people's critical reactions is reduced to zero. No one has taught the people to control and question the logic and the facts, or rather the blind and contradictory passions with which they are inoculated to suit the needs of the masters of politics. This is a difficult course of education which the state forbids rather than encourages its teachers to give the people, since the first aim of such knowledge would be to open the people's eyes to the tricks of statecraft. And, alas, the intellectual liberals, who should instruct them as elder brothers, cannot do so, for their social education is hardly more advanced than that of the people. They are preeminently the pawns of state trickery.

When divided Europe was battling, both camps needed noble voices to sing anthems to country and celebrate the heroism of self-immolation, in order to shelter their ignoble secret covenants, their divisions of the world (land and business), their spoliations and their crimes. They had no trouble finding them. I know with what sincerity and self-abnegation the best intellectuals of our unhappy Occident accomplished their mission, and at the cost of what sacrifice of self and family. And among the university men, my comrades of yesterday, how profound the mourning for the victims that were offered to the Moloch they were made to invoke. But I also know, I *know* how they were duped and how many dupes they made, and they have never forgiven me for telling them so.

What else could they have done? Back in those days while I was slowly and painfully freeing myself of all the illusions which had bound my youth (official historic lies, lies in the national and racial conventions, lies of tradition and state) I began faintly and tremblingly to hear the liberating response the people should have made, and I dared not utter it. I shall speak out today. It is the answer Lenin made in 1917: let the armies of Europe revolt against the war lords and fraternize on the field of battle.

But let us not revert to that part. That is a long confession which I owe it to myself to write if I still have time, for it might start the travail of thousands of souls which harbor these thoughts but dare not bring them to

* This article was written by Romain Rolland in reply to an article by Gaston Riou discussing the Pan-European problem. It is here published by courtesy of the editor of *Unity*, and it appears also in the current issue of that periodical, dated April 20. The translation is by Mrs. Ruth Langner.—EDITOR THE NATION.

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light. Let us stop talking of yesterday. The present suffices us. Let us talk of the great and redoubtable today!

The generous intellectuals of present-day France, of whom Gaston Riou has constituted himself leader, are intoning the new anthem "Europe, my country"—and they have no idea that they are serving the latest interests of the astute masters of the day.

There seem to be two conflicting trends in French politics today. There is the iron-handed group which means to keep by violence the oppressions imposed on Europe by violence, and there is the velvet-gloved school which attempts to gain assured peace with all Europe by allowing the victors a magnanimity involving no risks or costs. There is a difference in political intelligence between the two, but not in nationalism. Both camps adhere to the credo of victory and the inviolability of its decrees.

What does the "realist school" of French politics want? To keep the fruits of victory unthreatened by the destruction of a new war. Hence, to establish peace and the laws of a Franco-Europe on the basis of the 1919 treaties. But they are very careful not to inquire if these treaties are just or unjust, if they are not abominable abuses committed by violence triumphant, if they do not rise on a scaffolding of intolerable crimes and iniquities which still continue. The fact is that the boundaries established by the treaties of 1919 cannot, from the point of view of two-thirds of Europe, be maintained. Our French informants stop their ears to the agonized cries of the vanquished countries. Germany, rubbed raw, whose enormous energy is being reborn—Germany is starved and will not be able to bear this repression more than a year or two without social and national convulsions that will make the Western world tremble; peoples and parties are being persecuted and tortured by France's allies, as in, for instance, Pilsudski's Poland; Hungary, reduced to despair, is ready even for crime if that will snatch its heroic race from the tomb. It is clear that such a Europe is an insult to Europe, a criminal mockery, and the first gang leader à la Mussolini who cares to ruin French supremacy will have an easy time rallying all those desperate men about him.

If these "Europeans" like Riou have the sense of "reality" that they like to say they have, let them prove it by ceasing to be the dupes and supporters of a purely verbal generosity which offers peace as it squats astride the world and pummels it. Let them be the first to start a revised European peace provided with all the guaranties of political prudence, but sincere, loyal, and a real attempt to wipe out the worst injustices and feuds. Let them be clear-headed and big enough to look for themselves at the mistakes and wrongs their own country has caused in Europe, and then offer to right them. True, such a revision, no matter how moderate, would bring with it fatally great sacrifices on the part of the victors; they would have to share the cost of ruining Europe. Any man who dared preach such a doctrine to France could not hope for popularity. But if he demands peace with his heart as well as his lips he should know how to pay for it in personal sacrifice. I insist on a grand assize of Europe where the people's representatives loyally and unitedly may review the possible conditions of life together. Until these are found and accepted there is no use in repeating "Europe!" There is no Europe. There are peoples bound and gnawing at their chains. There are those who tighten those chains. With whom are you?

That is only the first point. Let us proceed to the second. The almost exclusive preoccupation of Western "Europeans" is, quite naturally, the establishment of lasting peace in the West through a Franco-German reconciliation. It is a great aim. I have always worked toward it. But it is only a part of our aim, and, to speak my inmost thought, its realization is not the principal problem now. Today the gravest risk does not lie in a renewal of the Franco-German struggle. I know Germany well enough to believe that only noisy but unimportant minorities think seriously of another war with France. The economic condition of the country makes war impossible. And it is very striking that Ludendorff, the generalissimo of the last war, should flood Germany with his deluded little books, trying to turn it away from a new war in which, as during the Thirty Years' War, it would, as things stand, be the field of battle and ruin for all Europe; and Ludendorff refuses to be the grave-digger in that cemetery! He declares in advance that if war breaks out he will have no part in it. The shrieks of the Hitler group aim at intimidation rather than action. All these party agitations are no more than circus didos today. At present the real game is being played within the business world. A little more than a year ago, in an article on The Piracy of Peace published in *Europe* for November, 1929, I violently denounced the secret negotiations pursued for some years between Arnold Rechberg, the German potash magnate, and the French nationalist business men—those alarming projects (publicly confirmed by Rechberg) for a Franco-German military alliance which would allow the big German munition manufacturers a new lease on life and give the French captains of industry a share of the profits. Just now it is rumored that these negotiations are more active than ever. The big German industries, which are prevented by the economic crisis from investing sufficiently large sums in armament, are seeking financial aid from France in rehabilitating German war industries and are offering France, along with part of the profits, the chance to increase French armament as well.

These monstrous projects of martial partnership are one of the secret pivots of the new Pan-Europe. I should like to know what the French intellectuals of the Franco-European League think of them, and if they have a mind to wreathe them with garlands. I will not allow them to ignore the facts and refuse to consider whither their Franco-Europe would inevitably be dragged by such protectors. The two most powerful Western states will not strengthen their munitions and armies and then leave their swords sheathed. Their maws are ravenous for prey, and unable to rend it singly they are agreeing to divide it. Where is this prey? Gaston Riou sweetly compares me to Mary in the Gospels, to Mary, the mystic adorer of the Master, who, seated at his feet, dreamed with her eyes closed. He assigns himself the role of worthy Martha, who cooked for the Master. Has Gaston Riou lifted his eyes to his Master's face? Can he tell me who this Master is? Who will he be tomorrow? Will he be the Comité des Forges, the Standard Oil, or Sir Henri Deterding? I imagine our good Martha will upset the *pot-au-feu* with a frightened start

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when she sees who has taken the place of the Master she loved and dreamed of. As for me, I have never aspired to play Mary. I claim my Gallic heritage from Diderot rather than Rousseau; I am a man without a master, and I delegate my housekeeping to no one. My grandfather, Colas Breugnon, taught me as a child to be wisely afraid of Nivernais sheep (they're chamois—it takes but three to strangle a wolf).

Poor sheep! "If the wolf were all, we'd know how to guard against him. But who will protect us against the shepherd?"

I have never been more than half-asleep, and I have been watching the antics of the bad shepherds for years—their efforts to blockade the U. S. S. R., their scoundrelly collusion with the white émigrés and the reactionary factions, the military missions sent to organize the mercenary armies of Poland or the Balkans. The recent Moscow trial told me nothing I had not suspected, allowing for the supplementary exaggerations with which rogues like Ramzin adorned their confessions to save their necks. The fundamental facts of these confessions are only too easily verified. The U. S. S. R. is the prey they aim at. If the plans against Russia have failed so far, it is only because, luckily for it, the big international robbers, the Anglo-Franco-German captains of rapine, have fought clumsily over possession of the bearskin without coming to an agreement. Once the agreement is made and the European business and army bloc is organized, does anyone dream it will lie inactive faced by a Soviet world which is its social negation and whose success would menace its own existence?

So I ask Gaston Riou, what position will he and his friends take? Which camp? Will he continue to serve the Master of oil and petrol, the Western business bloc, ideologically? Or what will he do? Cards on the table! Here are mine! If the U. S. S. R. is menaced, no matter who its enemies may be, I am on its side. I am not blind to what seem to me to be its mistakes. I have often told Russia directly. But I believe and I know that it incarnates the most heroic adventure, the most solid social hope of the future. If it disappeared I should no longer be interested in Europe's future. I should consider it sociologically damned for centuries to come.

But that is not all. Another conflagration is flaming outside our doors. To charm her young lovers, the fair Europe whose knight errant is Gaston Riou has borrowed the form of a pretty girl of 1789—the Goddess of Reason with her blossoming breasts bearing the new evangel of the Rights of Man. But she has less pretty features under the make-up. The rest of the world knows her tiger snout. The democracies of today are empires (some would say vampires). These beasts of prey have divided the carcass of the earth. Their appetite is immense. They gorge themselves with the gold and blood of peoples twenty times more numerous than they. The British lion has his claws sunk into the flanks of India, sunk so deep he cannot withdraw them, nor live detached from his prey. We French, who let him capture this magnificent prize in the days of the unfortunate Lally and Louis the Beloved, made up for it rather well later on. It is noteworthy that our imperialistic expansion coincided with the establishment of the Third Republic. "In a republic," Victor Hugo might have said, "there are publicans." The climax of the Roman republic was the rule of Crassus and Verres. Naturally we made away with a fourth of the planet only in order to bring it the light of our civilization, our culture, and our language, which are the most beautiful and perfect of all. But our lucky charges have the ill grace to prefer their own. Ingratitude we know is the law of life. And the great Asiatic races accept no blame for attempting a renaissance of their own. The foremost, Japan, has declared itself adult by force of arms. China, awake now, will never go back to sleep. And, conscious of its power, Gandhi's India has just given the signal for the great emancipation. The rest of Asia will not take long to follow. Our Indo-Chinese empire has already manifested the first awakening twitches, which the proconsuls of our democracy have, naturally, wiped out in blood. The same wakening thrill is coursing through the large body of Islam, which from end to end covers about a third of the old continent.

The question will arise tomorrow, it has arisen today: Where are Gaston Riou and his friends going to stand—with the Great God Rubber (automotive) flanked by all his pantheon and his holy harem—the Goddess of Liberty, Spiritual Enlightenment, Art, Science, Progress, Civilization? Or with the great brothers, Asia and Africa, trying to snap their chains? I will have no sidestepping. When the duel starts—and the blind selfishness of Europe makes it almost inevitable—what soldiers will docilely help the adventurers of Europe combat a world fighting for independence?

I answer for myself, pledging no one else, but pledging all of myself: I will not be such a soldier. Europe, if you enter upon this monstrous war I will march against you, against your despotism and your rapacity, and for my brothers in India, China, Indo-China, and all the oppressed and exploited countries. I shall do so not only in the name of justice and the racial rights which you will lyingly invoke, but in the name of civilization itself, of the *greatest* civilization—the unlimited progress of the human spirit. For this spirit has a vital need in this hour to be enriched and renewed by the intellectual and moral contribution of these magnificent races, who, though centuries of rapine have extorted from them their gold, still hold fast to their spiritual treasures, their ancient and now resuscitated civilizations.

I shall hope against all hope that the mighty onset of both hemispheres can still be averted. But if this eventuates I am too near death to hide my thoughts. I say to the U. S. S. R. of Lenin, and I say to the Asia of Sun Yat-sen and Gandhi: Brothers, count on me! I am only one man among millions. But that man is and has all his life been a liberal voice in the West, the voice of the Jean-Christophes and the Colas Breugnons, a free worker, brother of the free workers of the world, who want to open the way to a universal labor union, free of the yokes and prejudices of race, caste, and class.

And I say to Europe: Broaden, Europe, or die! Wed all the new free forces on earth! You are stifling in your outmoded liberty cap, glorious but crushed down over your face. Tear it off! Breathe and let us breathe! We need a home, a country, more far-flung than Europe.

My country is not yesterday. My country is tomorrow. And the angelus has already rung out this day.

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Chicago Goes Tammany

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

Chicago, April 8

THOMPSONISM has been swept out of power. The Clown Mayor will no longer amuse the patient residents of Chicago; he will no longer annoy the bankers, big business men, and newspaper publishers of this city. Big Bill was overwhelmingly defeated for reelection yesterday after an election campaign unparalleled in the city's history. Never before had Chicago seen a campaign attended by such religious and moral fervor as that which characterized the drive to unseat William Hale Thompson. This morning, with the election not yet twenty-four hours old, Chicago is already beginning to ask itself whether the price it paid to get rid of Thompson may not in the end prove too high, for the man elected in his place is A. J. Cermak, Democratic boss of Illinois, and sole proprietor of a complex political machine built entirely along the lines of the Tammany organization in New York.

Cermak was merely an incident in the great crusade to kill Thompsonism—to use a Chicago phrase, which will be explained later. The rallying cry was "Get rid of Thompson at any price." Hence Tony Cermak, the only alternative candidate available, drew the unanimous support of all the good people of Chicago. They did not inquire too closely into his record; they did not press him for binding promises and pledges; they swallowed him whole because he was the only man in the field who could beat Thompson—and Tony had seen to that months before the crusaders awakened to their opportunity. These crusaders took the position that "even a yellow dog would be better than Thompson," as one of their leaders expressed it to the writer. Who were the crusaders? Not the professional reformers, for they were divided. They were the leading bankers, industrialists, lawyers, physicians, social workers, and educators of the city. They were, in short, the "better element." They included outstanding citizens of the type of Colonel Albert A. Sprague, A. A. Carpenter, E. A. Cudahy, Jr., Stanley Field, James B. Forgan, Jr., John V. Farwell, Jacob M. Loeb, Arthur Meeker, Harold Plamondon, E. L. Ryerson, Jr., Fred W. Sargent, Melvin A. Traylor; nationally known lawyers like Silas Strawn; noted social workers like Miss Harriet Vittum; socially prominent civic leaders like Mrs. Kellogg Fairbank; educators like Dean Shailer Mathews and Professor Charles E. Merriam; philanthropists like Julius Rosenwald; and national leaders in the medical profession like Dr. M. L. Harris. They had the support of hundreds of women's clubs and similar organizations, and they were led in their drive by the publishers of the *Tribune* and the *Daily News*. Jointly they aroused the city—with the help of the Cermak machine.

Perhaps Big Bill Thompson was as vicious as his defamers pictured him. To the practical and unprejudiced observer it appears that Chicago has simply swapped one evil for another. Indeed, it is clear that the great crusade has had one net result: the people of Chicago, by electing Tony Cermak, have made him the most powerful political boss in the United States today. The power that lies in his hands is greater than that possessed by any other boss anywhere in the country; it may eventually prove greater than that of any other boss in American history, barring not even Tweed, Platt, Penrose, or Mark Hanna. Cermak controls Cook County, of which Chicago forms only a part, the Sanitary District and its rich patronage, the South Park Board, the Illinois legislature, and one of the United States Senators from Illinois. He is expected to win the governorship and the other senatorship next year—rumor has it that this latter post will go to Dr. Herman Bundesen, the Chicago newspaper doctor, for his graciousness in retiring from the mayoralty race. Cermak's rule of the State will then be absolute. More important, however, is the control of the Chicago governmental machinery which he won in yesterday's election. With it goes domination of the Civil Service Commission, the school system, and a host of appointive offices, control of which gives the mayor of Chicago more authority and more patronage than is possessed by any other municipal executive in the United States.

When Chicago elected Cermak yesterday it was not consciously ousting Thompson, but was voting to get rid of Thompsonism. Most of the voters of Chicago had never been permitted to know the real Thompson; the Big Bill with whom they were acquainted was the vicious and degenerate politician set up for them years ago by the city's newspapers led by the *Tribune*. This was the Thompson who made Chicago the butt of the world's sneers; this was the Thompson upon whom was hung the blame for all the rottenness with which the city's political and commercial structure is shot through. It was no accident that in the moral campaign just closed Big Bill's opponents painstakingly refrained from attacking his personal integrity, but chose rather to assail a phrase—Thompsonism. Summed up in this phrase are all the criticisms, just or unjust, that have been leveled at Chicago in the past twelve or fifteen years. To Chicago it means municipal corruption, police graft, gangster rule, racketeering. The writer does not intend that this shall be an apology for Big Bill Thompson. Big Bill has been anything but an ideal mayor; he has made a clown of himself; he has tolerated illegal practices when these were committed by his friends; he has tacitly accepted the support of Al Capone exactly as one of his newspaper opponents accepted the services of Capone in breaking a truck-drivers' strike. Thompson's greatest weakness was his refusal to interfere with the grafting of his friends. Doubtless a more courageous man might have given Chicago a cleaner government, but no individual alone can break up racketeering and gangsterism in Chicago so long as the existence of these evils is profitable to many of Chicago's leading citizens. Hence, though Big Bill may be gone, Thompsonism remains as firmly intrenched as ever.

At least a dozen of Cermak's most prominent supporters, all of them lifelong Republicans, frankly told the writer that their game was to beat Thompson, and only that. They admitted with equal frankness that while there was not much more hope in Cermak they had to accept him

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as the lesser of two evils. About two years ago officers of the Better Government Association, bitter foe of Thompson but nevertheless one of his supporters in the late campaign, set out to find an outstanding citizen, free from all political connections, whom they might persuade to run against Big Bill at the next election. They found only one or two men eligible for the post according to the association's standards, and these men refused to consider the suggestion. The others without exception were either intimately associated with Thompson and his friends, and were profiting therefrom, or stood to gain financially and politically by the removal of Thompson. Meanwhile, though he started somewhat later, Cermak began to prepare himself against the day when the moral indignation of the city, constantly fed by the press, would result in a popular revolt that would turn Big Bill out of office. His absolute control of the Democratic machine made it certain that he would get the Democratic nomination, which he did without opposition. The crusading business men and bankers did not awaken until after the primary last February, and then they found that they had to choose Thompson, Cermak, or an independent. Realizing that an independent such as Herman Bundesen, who had intended to enter the race, or one of their own number, would split the opposition vote and thereby insure a Thompson victory, the crusaders prevailed upon Bundesen to retire, and rallied behind Cermak. One of the crusaders confessed to me that they had arrived at this decision rather belatedly after their division behind two opposition candidates in the Republican primary had given Thompson the nomination. In the election campaign, however, he continued, they had taken measures to make certain that the opposition vote would be concentrated unanimously in support of one man, and thus it came about that the Socialist, Communist, and three other minor-party candidates were barred from the ticket, leaving the Democratic boss to fight it out alone with Thompson. Incidentally, this move on the part of the crusaders may in the end prove their undoing. The Socialists are preparing to fight the case up to the highest court in the State, and having a strong case they may win and thereby force the Illinois Supreme Court to declare the election illegal. (This would be a big surprise for the Chicago voters inasmuch as they have not been informed by the press of a single detail in the Socialist battle.)

Who is Cermak, and what can he do for Chicago? He was born near Prague in Bohemia fifty-eight years ago, and was brought to this country when still a child. In his early teens he worked with his father in the mines at Braidwood, Illinois, attending school about three months out of each year. His teacher was George E. Brennan, whom he later succeeded as boss of the Illinois Democratic machine. At sixteen he came to Chicago, worked at various odd jobs, and finally found himself in politics in the old Lawndale district of the city, then, as now, populated chiefly by Czechs and other Central and Eastern Europeans. He started as a precinct worker, but being a born politician and understanding the value of the Tammany principle, which might best be described as "taking care of the little fellows in your own district," he rose rapidly, and by the time he was thirty was sent to the State legislature from the Lawndale district. His assembly record was distinguished only by his vote for Billy Lorimer for United States Senator, a vote which was the occasion of sensational charges by Speaker Edward D. Shurtleff and Representative Charles A. White. Cermak later served four terms in the Chicago City Council, and in 1922 was elected president of the Cook County Board of Commissioners, to which post he was reelected in 1926 and again last year. He was defeated in the race for United States Senator in 1927. He was trained in politics by Roger Sullivan and George E. Brennan, though he had great difficulty in working in harness with the latter because he believed in "taking care of" the Czechs, Poles, and other non-Irish Democrats on the West Side to the disadvantage of the Irish who then controlled the Democratic city machine. Although Chicago's new mayor has never held a job that paid him more than $12,000 a year, he is worth today more than $7,000,000, according to the private estimates of several of his supporters in the mayoralty campaign. Thompson, by the way, already possessed his huge fortune before he ever entered politics, and his wealth is today less than it was thirty years ago. Finally, the political machine Cermak has perfected—and it is in operation in virtually every ward in the city—is not a personal machine built, as Thompson's was, around one man. It is constructed on a basis of organization. Much as the district leaders of New York's Democracy control Tammany Hall, the Democratic ward leaders run the Chicago machine, although final control rests securely with the boss. Persons seeking favors or privileges from the city or county government cannot go to the boss or one of his friends to get what they want; they must apply to the ward leaders. These lesser politicians are also charged with the distribution of minor offices and other local or district patronage. It was relatively easy to dislodge the Thompson machine because it consisted of one individual; it will be much more difficult to dislodge the Cermak machine, when Chicago does finally awaken to the consequences of its action of yesterday, because the Cermak organization will be found closely woven into the very fabric of the municipal and county governments, into the life of the city itself. It will be found to be another Tammany Hall, equally permanent and honest.

It is not suggested here that Cermak himself will not give Chicago a better brand of government, at least outwardly, than Thompson has done. First of all, he will be under great moral pressure to do so. He has obligated himself to the financial and commercial interests of the city, and they have power enough to exact payment of one sort or another. They will, at least at the start, name his cabinet, and they will insist that he undertake certain reforms which he has promised. These reforms have almost entirely to do with the structure of the municipal government. In Cook County, for example, there are 419 tax-levying bodies. While most of these consist of township and other minor community governments outside the city, the more important of them are to be found operating in Chicago. As a result there has been considerable duplication of governmental activity and also, in consequence, much waste and extravagance. Cermak hopes to be able to consolidate some of these bodies and thereby save the taxpayers upwards of $50,000,000 annually. He doubtless will also cut out much of the heavy graft in public improvements; $3,000,000 bridges will probably cost something near that amount instead of costing $7,000,000 as they did under Thompson,

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and there will very likely be no more $100 daily fees for realty-appraisal experts. At least that sort of thing is not to be expected from a man instructed in Tammany principles. Other reforms may bring taxes down a trifle farther, but the reduction in the tax rate will hardly be noticeable to the average citizen. Chicago is a huge metropolis and its expenditures run close to half a billion dollars.

Cermak's promise that he will clean the gangsters out is, of course, pure political buncombe. He stands completely helpless before the gangsters and racketeers, and he will continue helpless, granting that he is sincere in saying that he is opposed to gangster rule, so long as the operation of the gangs and racketeers remains profitable to so many of the important people in the city. The *Tribune,* in a series of articles now being published, asserts that the gangsters are finally on the run. It is contended that five or six of them have been sent to prison and that the conviction of Leo Brothers for the murder of Jake Lingle, Chicago *Tribune* reporter and himself a racketeer, has thrown the fear of the law into the rest of the gangsters. Be that as it may, it is yet worth noting that the five or six gunmen mentioned are not associated with the Capone outfit (which, by the way, just a week ago cleared out the last of its rivals and made its rule of the city's speakeasy, gambling, and prostitution trades complete), and that Brothers was convicted on evidence which neither established a motive nor showed any connection between Brothers and Lingle. There are numerous lawyers in the city who believe the conviction will be thrown out by the State Supreme Court, and many more private citizens who are convinced that Brothers, although known to be a professional killer, did not kill Lingle. In any event, I have heard in the last few days from the lips of more than one speakeasy proprietor and more than one Capone henchman that far from fearing anything in the way of a genuine Cermak offensive against the gangsters, these men actually supported Cermak on election day in the belief that he is helpless to move against them, but that had Thompson remained in office four more years public indignation would have risen to the point of open and probably violent warfare against the gangsters.

Chicago has elected as its mayor the most powerful political boss in the country. Chicago's leading citizens are pleased. Julius Rosenwald telegraphed Cermak that when "I regain my health my services are at your command to help you redeem the good name of the city." Silas Strawn said: "Every decent citizen should hail this victory." Shailer Mathews, dean of the Divinity School of the University of Chicago, declared: "I believe that this is the greatest opportunity that ever came to the city." Dr. M. L. Harris, former president of the American Medical Association, announced that "this election means the regeneration of Chicago." Murphy and Croker of Tammany Hall, both of whom resembled Cermak in many respects, would thoroughly enjoy the irony of these testimonials. Cermak, musing over this enlargement of his already extensive political power, probably derived much enjoyment and no little amusement from the testimonials and the hundreds of congratulatory messages that poured in upon him.

California Sunshine

By DUNCAN AIKMAN

> The situation is remarkably good. I feel sure that the recent rains will bring us out of the slump. The situation is not at all alarming. We do not find it necessary to feed our unemployed men here. In San Francisco I saw free soup kitchens. There are none here. All we have to do is to give our men jobs and the problem is solved.—John C. Porter, Mayor of Los Angeles.

THE Honorable John C. Porter is a representative Southern Californian—not a Titan of the regional economic or intellectual life, but because of this very lack of obvious eminence all the more representative, perhaps. On most issues of personal and public life he holds the same views as other Southern Californians. He was an earnest worker in the Ku Klux Klan when that organization for super-Americanism was up and doing in the land. He is an influential member of the Federated Church Brotherhoods of California, and believes that regular church attendance and conventionality in morals and opinions are outstanding marks of good citizenship. He is an ardent prohibitionist, and believes that by making speakeasy operation difficult in Los Angeles—and thereby aiding the city's hordes of "grappo" and bathtub-gin bootleggers—he is bringing practical enforcement close to hand.

He believes that in public morals and private scandal there is no other guide so expert as the Reverend Robert Pierce (Bob) Shuler of Trinity Methodist Church (South) and Radio Station KGEF, and so far he has not refused to accede to a single important political demand openly made by that gentleman. He believes that one way of maintaining a "clean moral tone" in city administration is to see that no city employee takes an illicit drink or indulges in risque amusements in off hours. Hence, until newspaper raillery checked it, he maintained a special snooping squad to spy on such breaches of decorum. He believes that to permit Communists to express their opinions publicly in Los Angeles, or to approach the City Hall or address His Honor, would seriously imperil the foundations of American institutions. He is in the automobile junk business in a big way, regionally speaking, and for recreation he sometimes tosses horseshoes. Recognizing the representative character of these views and qualities, a majority of several score thousand of his fellow-citizens two years ago elected him mayor of the fifth city in the United States over a retired college professor—of sociology—who had cultivated practical politics so well that he received the backing of the expert "ring" bosses.

A more adequate spokesman of the spirit in which the average Southern California mind is facing the unemployment crisis could hardly have been fashioned by a soviet of psychologists in a robot factory. The Mayor of Los Angeles, like all congenital Iowa county-seat merchants, thinks that a little rain in the ground will ease the situation of all its major difficulties by getting "folks' " minds back on spring

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planting again. He is happy and proud to report that however much calamity talk there may be about the situation here on the local Main Street, conditions are, by proof of his own eye-witness observations, a plain sight worse in the rival burg up the line. Finally, Mayor Porter has none of the sense, known to have proved bothersome of late to certain profounder captains of industry and economic thought in other centers, of vast dislocations and maladjustments in the industrial organization felt to be threatening the stability of Western civilization. "All we have to do is to give our men jobs and the problem is solved," says this cheerful Justice Bottom of the machine age.

It is as simple as that. For with Mayor Porter majority opinion in Southern California and on the Coast generally would unquestionably agree that the unemployed crisis can be met by the formula of the tender ballad, "Somewhere a little sunshine, somewhere a little rain." The Far West, in short, believes that it is undergoing something like the panic of 1907, only maybe a little bit worse. Its solutions and most of its cerebration on the subject are to be viewed in the light of this group concept.

Hence, in the main, the Coast believes that the affliction can be cured by the favorite local panacea, ballyhoo. About the whole relief program there has been an air of the choice California art of idea salesmanship. Women are 75 per cent of customers, J. A. H. Kerr, recently elected president of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, told his fellow-members in his inaugural address. If they would support "to the limit" a "buy-home-products" campaign "the unemployment situation would be largely solved."

A similar spirit of idea salesmanship prevails in the principal concrete effort which the Los Angeles Chamber has made to ease the emergency. This is an office in the City Hall where a newly appointed pay-roll beneficiary—until recently a purchasing agent—spends his time "coordinating" the fields of the various relief agencies. A prime idea of this functionary is to "contact" all the civic agencies in town and enlist them in spreading the "give-somebody-a-job" propaganda. Southern California has been flooded with appeals to "Mr. Average Citizen" and "Mrs. Average Housewife" to do something about the crisis—so much flooded, in fact, that from a batch of 700 letters sent out some time since by the Coordinator's office to members of the business community no answers were received.

But the Coordinator has practical as well as philanthropic ideas to "sell" for the duration of the emergency. In "contacting" industries, for instance, he has made the most of the thesis that $1.25 worth of 1929 construction, owing to the lower costs of materials and labor, may be bought now for less than $1. Therefore, now is the time to put men to work. New construction, the official argument runs, is a banner investment, better even than buying low-cost securities. For when land and building values "come back" in from three to five years, the new owner will have made more profit than if he had had his capital out at interest. Meanwhile the purchasing power of every two men put to work will have resulted in creating a place for some other workman somewhere. On the home-economics front, the Coordinator planned to organize his cohorts of civic bodies for practically a house-to-house canvass of the city, assuring householders that because of the low-cost situation now was the time to do all conceivably needed repair work about the place. Meanwhile another economic realist in the field, Miss Susan B. Dorsey, former superintendent of schools in Los Angeles, has intimated that the crisis may be utilized to solve the chronic American servant problem. The slogan "Every home employs at least one woman a week" would do a lot, Miss Dorsey has averred, to carry Los Angeles over almost any depression.

Beyond these efforts to popularize the principle that this is bargain season in the labor market, actual relief on the Coast has been left mainly to public agencies. In San Francisco, after a good deal of red-tape investigation to make sure of the applicants' worthiness, a few hundred men have been intermittently employed at $5 a day cleaning up undeveloped city properties, and a few score women have been hired at $4 a day to make comforters, by an antiquated hand process, for the destitute wards—other unemployed—of the city charities organization. Practically all the larger Coast centers have appropriated, or borrowed, considerable sums for public-works construction, Los Angeles having authorized a $5,000,000 bond issue. Within a week after Governor Rolph's inauguration in January, the $30,000,000 surplus in the State treasury at Sacramento was reduced by a $5,000,000 works and highway appropriation, which, it was immediately announced for public edification, would create 319,350 days of work and was altogether a remarkable public-service achievement for an administration only a week old. The Mayor of Seattle announced about the same time that the entire city government would be utilized as a great unemployment agency, whatever that meant; and in general the politicians have assured the unemployed of their deepest commiseration.

Soup kitchens, meanwhile, have been established where the need was evident, with appropriate councilmanic oratory, though in Los Angeles, where official confession of community distress is regarded as a heresy to the cult of boosterism, this last extremity has been nominally avoided. Instead of being maintained by the city, the Los Angeles soup lines are conducted by various missions for "down-and-outs" in the slum sections of the city, publicity having been given to their services early in the year by the award of a civic medal to the veteran missionary "Brother Tom" Liddecott as the most useful citizen of Los Angeles. Shortly afterward an investigation by the Los Angeles *Record* disclosed that Brother Liddecott's soup kitchen was serving decayed restaurant garbage to the unfortunate. The mission authorities met this crisis, however, by dispatching an earnest appeal to restaurant proprietors to contribute more palatable remnants, and "Brother Tom" kept the medal.

On the whole the Coast is inclined to agree with Mayor Porter that the unemployment crisis is merely a temporary case of mainly fatuous pessimism in the business world, which can be largely overcome by giving an artificial odd job here and an artificial odd job there until the trouble automatically rights itself. Of deeper mental probings into the causes and possible cures of the prevalent economic anemia there have been just two Far Western instances.

One of these is represented by a series of six articles contributed to the Los Angeles *Times* by no less a person than its publisher, Harry Chandler. Mr. Chandler's studies have convinced him that the efficiency of the machine has made

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overproduction inevitable if all employable members of society are given eight-hour jobs six days in the week. Therefore the forty-eight-hour week must go and be replaced by the five-day week or the six-hour day, according to the individual needs of different industries. There would be more than enough jobs to go around if this standard were adopted, Mr. Chandler suggests, citing statistics, but he adds that there must be insistence on one proviso: the reductions in working time must be compensated by corresponding reductions in pay. This, he proceeds, would work no real hardship, since wage reductions of from 16 to 20 per cent would be almost exactly balanced by reductions in the cost of living since the piping times of Coolidge. On the other hand, he argues, actual benefits would be conferred on trade were the working classes tempted by the new sense of security in their less profitable jobs to spend what they earned instead of hoarding it for recurrent unemployment crises.

Mr. Chandler has already put the five-day week into effect in the mechanical departments of the *Times*, he announces, and he urges his fellow-industrialists to hasten and do likewise. The unkind comment of various Southern California labor leaders has been, of course, that it is a typical Chandler strategy for crowding the workers 16 per cent farther toward a hand-to-mouth living standard and therefore farther into the employer's power.

The other piece of ratiocination is an example of community rather than of individual thinking. Southern California, at any rate, has been ardently converted to the principle that it is better to let the unemployment problem drift toward a solution than to let the apostles of incendiary revolt from "red Russia" attract any attention by exploiting it. In consequence of this determination, Southern California has given the Communist movement some of the best local publicity it has enjoyed anywhere west or east of the Moscow *Izvestia* office. Practically once a week during the winter the Los Angeles police were mobilized, half a thousand strong, to prevent Communist attacks on the City Hall by tangling up traffic and shoving pedestrians out of the half-dozen city blocks in the recognized "danger zone." Usually, while the unemployed stood by in apathetic droves to enjoy the exciting spectacle, the danger was momentarily overcome by letting loose anywhere from fifty to a hundred club-armed motor-cycle police to charge a little knot of perhaps a dozen Communists who presumed to raise a paper banner announcing that the unemployed demand bread for their children.

Thus, for the rank and file of Southern Californians the unemployment menace has tended more and more to drift into the category of a public spectacle—the old, reliable, exciting melodrama of saving the Republic by violence. It is scarcely to be denied that this policy has afforded a certain measure of relief to the situation; for the unemployed, in general, are manifestly thrilled to see such drastic measures taken to protect their contentment with American institutions, while in a few outstanding instances actual employment is afforded, as in the cases of Lieutenant Colonel Leroy F. Smith, executive secretary of the Better America Federation of Los Angeles, and Lieutenant William F. Hynes of the local police "red squad," the chief local sources of information on the program of the Communists to overthrow faith, economic organization, and government in Southern California by exploiting the discontents of the era.

In the Driftway

THE insular self-sufficiency of the English, which has built an empire and annoyed whole continents, is an ancient tale. But whenever the Drifter encounters it he is moved anew to amazement and admiration by its intensity and its frankness. And it happens that he has just come upon a particularly striking articulation of it. Bertram Thomas, as everybody knows, achieved the distinction in February of this year of being the first white man to cross the Rub' al Khali, or Great Sandy Desert, in southern Arabia. It was an epic journey of 900 desert miles, in the course of which important geological and ethnological discoveries were made. The Drifter would like to quote some of Mr. Thomas's own vivid account as it appeared in the *Manchester Guardian*, but unfortunately it is copyrighted and reserved in very black type. He will have to content himself instead with a paragraph from another article which follows Mr. Thomas's and which really has more bearing on this discussion, anyway. It is from the pen of Sir Arnold Wilson. It is unprotected by copyright or otherwise—and the reader will perceive at once that neither the article nor the man who wrote it needs protection. In commenting upon the exploits of Mr. Thomas, Sir Arnold writes as follows:

> The details now given by Mr. Thomas help us to appreciate the magnitude of his achievement, which deserves to rank with those of Stanley, Shackleton, and Scott. He has not depended upon the adventitious aid of aeroplanes, airships, or motor cars. He has not financed himself from public funds, nor received aid from private sources. He has not had recourse to apostasy in order to commend himself to the unruly denizens of those regions that appear to us so intrinsically abominable and vile. He has made no attempt to disguise his nationality or hide his religion. In so doing he has followed the best traditions of English explorers in Asia and has justified the boast of Colonel Pelly, the first Englishman to visit Riyadh (the capital of Nejd), that an Englishman could, should his duty so require, traverse any portion of Arabia with dignity and without disguise.

* * * * *

SIR ARNOLD is right, theoretically. Any self-respecting man, English or Asian, should be capable of going wherever he pleases without disguise. But the Drifter cannot help wondering, a little maliciously he admits, what Sir Arnold would have thought if Mr. Gandhi of India, who will visit London this summer, had lived up to the newspaper reports that he would not wear trousers, empire or no empire—had followed, to the letter, the example of Bertram Thomas. According to these first reports he intended to brave London dressed only in a loin-cloth of his own spinning. The Drifter at this point readily admits that he would himself have certain ignoble qualms about meeting Mr. Gandhi for lunch at the Astor; and human devotion to conformity being what it is, he welcomes the later news that Mr. Gandhi will wear trousers and shirt after all. They represent a compromise, to be sure, but one which no one will reproach him with, since they will protect him not only from the "unruly denizens" who would undoubtedly follow him

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through the London streets, but from colds in the head which lurk in the London fog.

* * * * *

THERE are times and circumstances, in other words, when self-sufficiency may don the disguise of humility, and truth put on trousers, without dishonor. Here is a theme, in fact, which the Drifter would like to develop at length. For the present, however, he will cut himself short with the story of a headline from the London *Times*. It was told to him only recently by a Scotchman—if, by the way, you are in search of entertainment, persuade a Scotchman to speak his mind and heart about Englishmen. The headline in question appeared after a severe storm in the Channel which had paralyzed shipping. "Heavy Channel Storms," stated the *Times* with dignity and without disguise, "Continent Isolated."

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

California Is Not Civilized

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As a Californian and a resident of the Imperial Valley I should like to reply to the article of Mr. Robert Whitaker in your issue of April 1. California is not civilized. What State is? All the injustices he mentions exist. As a human being I am ashamed of them. But I can't think that injustice and intolerance are confined to such an insignificant part of the world as this Promised Land for all good Iowans.

The Imperial Valley is a small part of the State of California, and it is even less civilized because it is one of the few places that are still on the frontier. It is in the desert and the old fight with nature is still going on. No doubt the conditions in the cotton fields would be "incredible to most of the American people." Most Americans would not stand them. But a great many people do. The point Mr. Whitaker overlooks is that the farm owners are living and working under just as hard conditions as the Mexicans and Filipinos who work for them.

At the time of the Frank Spector case which Mr. Whitaker mentions, it was reported that the living conditions of the field workers in the valley were unspeakable. They were. But it is very difficult to persuade a farmer to build model dormitories for his men when he and his wife and his three or four children are living in a two-room shack, with perhaps a sleeping porch. Try asking him to build shower baths for his melon pickers when he himself is still using a round washtub and probably carries water for it from the irrigation ditch.

Regular farm labor, white as well as colored, earns three dollars a day. And the work is hard. Many factory workers could not stand it. Special workers—for instance, the Filipinos who are now cutting the asparagus—earn from seventy to eighty cents a crate, bunched, which means that they get from four to seven dollars a day. It is not easy to stoop and cut 'grass," and the bunching job is monotonous, and the season is short. But then in their turn come the other special crops—the melons, cotton, peas, and lettuce. All are too poorly paid, but it is a living, and the farmer who owns the crop hardly makes one. One farmer's family had nothing to eat but lettuce for some weeks last year because the price was so low that he could not afford to market his crop.

Perhaps if Mr. Whitaker had lived in the Imperial Valley instead of merely "sojourning" here among the "best people"—by the way, I did not know we had any in this land where truck-drivers and ditch-diggers still call bank presidents by their first names, and the husbands and sons and brothers of the leaders of society run service stations or work as drug-store clerks. Perhaps if Mr. Whitaker had lived in the desert where every living thing has to struggle for its own existence, if he had worked under the sun that makes everybody—employer as well as employee—sweat alike, he might find one of the reasons for our narrow, cruel individualism which makes us fight attempts to organize agricultural workers.

El Centro, Cal., April 6 RUTH HARWOOD

The Curse of Eve

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There is a casual statement in the article Why Mothers Die, in *The Nation* for March 18, which should not remain uncorrected.

While there are many references in the Old Testament to the pangs of childbirth and while it is referred to as a punishment inflicted upon Eve, there is no basis for the assertion that the Jews did not try to alleviate this pain. The Book of Exodus, on the contrary, refers to midwives who were rewarded for their goodness. Anybody who refuses to alleviate pain, including that of childbirth, on account of religious principles is not in accord with ancient or modern Jewish law and spirit.

Philadelphia, March 20 MOSES ECKSTEIN

Wise Greeks

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Apropos of the editorial entitled The Harvard Memorial in your issue of April 1, the observation may be made that the Greeks had a way for it, for in most of the treaties that terminated the wars between the cities of ancient Hellas there was a provision forbidding the erection of memorials of victory—no "soldiers and sailors monuments," so to speak.

New York, April 6 B. TUSKA

Music and the Metropolitan

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Seldom have I read an article with so much satisfaction as the one written by Arthur Mendel in the issue of April 8, If the Metropolitan Should Go Musical.

> If the Metropolitan should ever go musical . . . it could learn that Weber, Gluck, and Handel were of more than historical importance; . . . that Mozart wrote more than one opera, and that at least five of them are good shows. . . .

Statements to this effect cannot be repeated too often; in fact, I wish they might be carried by pickets in front of the Metropolitan all day and all night. (I admit that this would not be very dignified, but neither is it dignified or in good taste to mention the names of boxholders and describe their dresses in newspaper reports.)

To me it seems especially tragic that it has to be pointed out that Mozart wrote more than one opera, in view of the regret I have always felt that "only" five of them are on the permanent repertory of every German and Austrian opera

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DJUKA The Bush Negroes of Dutch Guiana *by Morton C. Kahn.*

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house. Since Mozart wrote (after deduction of two unfinished works, two dramatic serenades, and one sacred Singspiel) seventeen operas, every Mozart admirer should have an opportunity to hear during his lifetime at least ten of Mozart's operatic works.

Unfortunately the same condition prevails in the Philharmonic repertory. Of all the great composers Beethoven is the only one who gets his full share of performances, while Haydn and Mozart can only occasionally find a place on the program. Great as Beethoven's Fifth Symphony is, there is no justification for playing it twice within four weeks, while none of Mozart's three greatest symphonies has so far been given during the present season.

The chief sufferer here, however, is Bach, whose existence Mr. Toscanini almost ignores. I don't see why the orchestral works of Bach should not be as much a steady feature of the Philharmonic's programs as Beethoven's symphonies.

New York, April 10 HERMANN ADLER

Not Guilty

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. William Pickens in his article Aftermath of a Lynching which appeared in your issue of April 15 stated that the jury disagreed in the trial of Charles Lennon, one of the seven men indicted for the lynching of two Negroes in Marion last August. As a matter of fact the jury brought in a verdict of Not Guilty—which gives all the more point to your article. The charges against the other five defendants were duly dismissed by the attorney general's office, just as Mr. Pickens said they would be.

Marion, Ind., April 7 [MRS.] F. K. BAILEY

The Candy White List Grows

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The current spring issue of the Combined Candy White List of the National Consumers' League exhibits encouraging growth in (1) area covered, (2) number of manufacturers cooperating in the improved standards of the candy industry, and (3) the nature of the concession made by the newcomers.

Chicago, the newly included area, is important because it is one of the largest centers of candy manufacture and distribution. It is especially important, also, because of Illinois's backward legislation on the hours of labor. No other State which legislates at all allows seventy hours work a week—seven days a week, ten hours a day—without Sunday rest or restriction upon night work. It is altogether bad! It is, therefore, an important gain that the Combined Candy White List offers, for the first time, the names of fourteen Chicago manufacturers who have agreed to the White List standard of fifty hours for all except the twelve extra-busy weeks, when they may work fifty-four hours instead of the seventy hours which would still be legal.

The total list contains now 115 names, many of which stand for chains. Every issue of the Combined List has been longer than its predecessor because its object is constantly better understood. Manufacturers are increasingly unwilling to be missing from it. Especially they like to escape from the group known to pay less than $14 to their beginners, or to require more than fifty hours a week in ordinary seasons. They value highly every reduction in undercutting.

New York, March 30 FLORENCE KELLEY

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Books, Music, Drama

Prelude

By CONRAD AIKEN

Keep in the heart the journal nature keeps;
Mark down the limp nasturtium leaf with frost;
See that the hawthorn bough is ice-embossed,
And that the snail, in season, has his grief;
Design the winter on the window pane;
Admit pale sun through cobwebs left from autumn;
Remember summer when the flies are stilled;
Remember spring, when the cold spider sleeps.

Such diary, too, set down as this: the heart
Beat twice or thrice this day for no good reason;
For friends and sweethearts dead before their season;
For wisdom come too late, and come to naught.
Put down "the hand that shakes," "the eye that glazes,"
The "step that falters betwixt thence and hence";
Observe that hips and haws burn brightest red
When the North Pole and sun are most apart.

Note that the moon is here, as cold as ever,
With ages on her face, and ice and snow;
Such as the freezing mind alone can know,
When loves and hates are only twigs that shiver.
Add in a postscript that the rain is over,
The wind from southwest backing to the south,
Disasters all forgotten, hurts forgiven;
And that the North Star, altered, shines forever.
Then say: I was a part of nature's plan;
Knew her cold heart, for I was consciousness;
Came first to hate her, and at last to bless;
Believed in her; doubted; believed again . . .
My love the lichen had such roots as I,
The snowflake was my father; I return,
After this interval of faith and question,
To nature's heart, in pain, as I began.

With a Preface

The Apple Cart: A Political Extravaganza. By Bernard Shaw. Brentano's. $2.

WHETHER we lay it to advancing age or set it down as merely one of those unfortunate accidents that happen to the greatest authors, "The Apple Cart," which appears in print so belatedly after its stage production, is one of the feeblest plays Bernard Shaw has ever written. It concerns, as the reader doubtless remembers, an English king who outwits and outmaneuvers his cabinet; and so slight is the plot that to make a full-length play out of it Shaw had to throw in a not very amusing scene between the king and his platonic mistress and a still more labored and unamusing scene in which the American ambassador—the stock British-stage American vulgarian—proposes that the United States become a British dominion. Both scenes could have been omitted without in the least affecting the main theme or story.

In fact, the play itself would have been impossible had not its author shamelessly loaded the dice. The British cabinet, it will be recalled, wishes (sometime in the nineteen-sixties) to strip the king of his last vestige of power or influence; to make him merely a rubber stamp, a complete cipher. Whereupon King Magnus, in a long peroration, reminds them that he is the only person left who stands above the tyranny of popular ignorance:

> I stand . . . for conscience and virtue; for the eternal against the expedient . . . for intellectual integrity, for humanity . . . for everything that you desire as sincerely as I, but which in you is held in leash by the Press, which can organize against you the ignorance and superstition, the timidity and credulity, the gullibility and prudery, the hating and hunting instinct of the voting mob. . . . Think of the things you dare not do! the persons you dare not offend! Well, a king with a little courage may tackle them for you. . . . I am your scapegoat: you get the credit of all our popular legislation whilst you put the odium of all our resistance to ignorant clamor on me. . . .

But the argument is plausible only because the cards are stacked. Shaw has quite unscrupulously made his king amazingly witty and wise and his cabinet a pack of fools. In his preface he indignantly denies this, holding that what he has done is to make the king and his prime minister intellectual equals, and that the king wins, not by greater astuteness, but because he has the ace of trumps in his hand and knows when to play it. No one who reads the play can take this contention seriously for an instant. The prime minister is an obvious fool, whatever his literary creator may have intended, and the king is immensely his superior in manners, strategy, and repartee. The quickest way to recognize that Shaw's prime minister and cabinet are grotesque caricatures and his king a fantastic idealization is to compare King Magnus with King George and Proteus with Ramsay MacDonald, or even with Lloyd George or Baldwin. There is a great deal to be said against democracy, and in some passages of "The Apple Cart" Shaw says it with all his unique brilliance, penetration, and power; but most of the time he is saying the wrong thing against it. For democratic politicians are strong precisely where "The Apple Cart" makes them appear weak. A successful politician, particularly a prime minister, may be a thundering ass so far as his knowledge of economics or his grasp of any abstract or complicated question whatever is concerned; but there is one direction in which he is extremely unlikely to be an ass, and that is in his ability to handle men, to flatter, impress, charm, cajole, bargain, negotiate, outwit. It is this quality, possessed in preeminent degree, that has brought him to the top in the always intense and sometimes obscene struggle for political power. He is likely to represent the survival of the fittest among thousands of aspirants. The king, even if his native endowment happens to be above the ordinary, is unlikely to have had his faculties in this direction tempered through fire. Of course a playwright may pick his own premises; but it is well to remember that the probabilities are several hundred to one against the combination of such a king as Magnus with such a cabinet as Proteus's. (In fairness it must be added that Shaw has attempted to put two intelligent persons in his cabinet—both of them of course women, the only women in it. But they are made to seem intelligent chiefly by contrast with patent windbags, and like most of Shaw's women they are full of an insufferable self-assurance.)

Shaw also denies in his preface that "The Apple Cart" is really an attack on democracy. What he is attacking, he holds, is the parliamentary system that is so effective in obstruction that it takes thirty years by constitutional methods to do thirty minutes' work. He advocates instead "two or three additional

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federal legislatures, working on our municipal committee system instead of our parliamentary party system." But as the system Shaw proposes depends ultimately on election, it would be subject to the same "tyranny of popular ignorance" that he is now denouncing. In "The Apple Cart," in short, Shaw solves the political question by the simple device of begging it. Wouldn't it be lovely, the play says in effect, if final political power were in the hands of a man of charming manners, who would pay no attention to what the people wanted or demanded but would know infallibly what was good for them, and would provide it; who, though a member of a hereditary upper class, would appreciate fully the feelings and needs of workers and slum dwellers; who would never be subject to popular recall yet would never abuse his power; who— We need hardly go on. That is not a solution but a self-contradictory day dream.

HENRY HAZLITT

A Lost World

Dumb-Animal and Other Stories. By Osbert Sitwell. J. B. Lippincott Company. $2.50.

MR. SITWELL is a very fine writer. He is not afraid of detail, of describing the environment of his characters to the last small object, its shape, size, color, and weight. He knows that life is made up of a number of trivial things, and that each trivial thing has its unique importance. He is acutely aware of the feel and smell and sound and taste of the world, as well as the sight of it, and he knows that out of a person's reaction to his senses it is possible to deduce the color of his mind.

In the seven stories in this book their author touches many parts of the earth, several kinds of people. They are, in the main, English people of the upper middle class, cultivated, intelligent, aware of themselves, able to make choices and to carry them out. They can use leisure, they have leisure to use; they are agreeable and self-contained; for the most part they are temperate, just, capable. They greet the world with an air of amused tolerance, believing that it is beyond measure preposterous, but that there is nothing a civilized person can do about it. They conduct themselves admirably—and there is not the slightest reason why any of them should ever have existed!

Mr. Sitwell, therefore, writes without prejudice and without passion. Or if there is passion, it is the passion of ice, not of fire. There is in him so profound a melancholy, so deep a distaste for the world, that no part of it seems more than a fraction more desirable than any other part. The best is so little better than the worst that its merits are hardly worth noting. The sensible thing to do is to occupy oneself with the most inconsequential, the most irrelevant, the most empty of vanities, since none of them can be so empty as the greatest vanity of all, which is to be alive. It is a little difficult to write about these stories without sounding like a prig; they mean nothing, and by contrast one seems to be demanding that life should have a meaning, that it should be good or true or in some way noble and worth living. I should not like to be classed with those who demand a moral from the world. But I am of the opinion that no important writer ever wrote without heat, without taking sides, without demanding something of life, no matter what it might be. If he was too impartial, if he remained too completely above the battle, he failed to enlist his reader on his side, to make him care whether or not the engagement had an ending, whether or not he read another page.

This is being a little hard on Mr. Sitwell. In spite of his disinterestedness, I found myself reading every page. And in his last story, Happy Ending, a devastating account of an English military school before the war, there is evidence that even he can kindle—at stupidity, at brutality, at emptiness. When I read him I am curiously enough reminded both of Marcel Proust, that master of trivialities, and of Max Beerbohm, equally master of satire. But if Proust writes of minutiae, his minutiae somehow make a whole, they have some relation to each other, they have a plan; and if Mr. Beerbohm finds the world preposterous, infinitely to be despised, he finds it also to be laughed at. And the warmth of his laughter justifies the edge of his scorn. Mr. Sitwell is as without laughter as he is without plan. Here they are, he seems to say, stupid people, cruel people, people who occupy themselves charmingly with stuffed birds and mechanical toys, people who engage themselves gracefully with love—one love after the other; occasionally, in this utterly mad world, there is a man of parts, with a mind and a heart and compassionate bowels; but of course there is no reason for his thought or his tenderness or his compassion. So naturally he puts them to no use. This is a picture of the world. Take it or leave it.

Without controverting it, I should prefer to leave it. If I know in fact that it is so, I am not at all times aware of it. I wish occasionally to be aware of something else. Which is why I prefer Happy Ending to any story here; because there are two men in it who seemed not only to have a reason for living but power to despise and flee from the rest of their companions. In other words, they have prejudice, and their author, in describing them, seems to prefer them. I wish that Mr. Sitwell would more often express a preference.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

City Bosses Old and New

Master of Manhattan. The Life of Richard Croker. By Lothrop Stoddard. Longmans, Green and Company. $3.50.
City Bosses in the United States. By Harold Zink. Duke University Press. $4.

MR. STODDARD'S biography of Richard Croker has a great merit of timeliness. On the eve of a new city-wide investigation New York is interested in past investigations. And Richard Croker was more investigated than any other Tammany boss. In one of those investigations he made the classic admission that he was working for his own pocket "all the time the same as you." Very early in his career he was indicted for the murder of John McKenna, member of a rival faction, in a street brawl. Of this murder Richard Croker was acquitted, Mr. Stoddard believes correctly. The affair checked his rise to power in the political organization and was repeatedly thrown up against him in his later career.

But nothing permanently stopped Dick Croker. Son of an Irish immigrant, himself born in the old country, common ordinary gangster, member of the Fourth Avenue tunnel gang in the rough Civil War days—Croker never went to the war—useful man for the politicians, district leader, boss of Tammany Hall and Master of Manhattan, Irish country gentleman and winner of the Derby! There's a career for you. If Croker had any ideas or ideals except of power and profit for himself, his biographer has not discovered them. He was the "Boss incarnate," who lived in splendor on what he took from the city, without personally practicing any such spectacular generosity to the poor as did members of the Sullivan clan.

If there are any anecdotes or written documents which shed light on what went on inside the boss's mind, his present biographer evidently has not discovered them. What Mr. Stoddard has given us is a graphic account of external events

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with some occasional shrewd comment on conditions which made possible Tammany's long rule, broken only by occasional spasms of reform. Incidentally, it is to Mr. Stoddard's credit that never once does he use his old friend, the Nordic myth, to explain anything about New York and its politics.

It is not my purpose, nor I think any part of a reviewer's duty, to summarize the course of events during Croker's reign as Master of Manhattan. What makes the story so interesting now is the inevitable comparison with our own days. And that comparison I hesitate to make in dogmatic generalizations within the necessary limits of one review. Croker's empire was outwardly rougher than is the greater empire of the modern triumvirate, Curry, McCooey, and Flynn. Both its poverty and its splendor were more vulgar. New York was much poorer then than in the decade prior to the present depression. "Honest graft" was, I think, less developed, less subtle, and less profitable than at present. A larger percentage of Tammany's revenues was probably derived from the exploitation of women. (I should have said this with much more confidence three months ago than since the revelations about the vice squad today.) Speakeasies may be more profitable but are less politically useful to Tammany than the old saloon. The necessary growth of public services has compelled the city to build up a better corps of civil servants than in the cruder times of Croker. None of Croker's mayors had in his own right as much power as Jimmie Walker has. Mr. Walker, it must be remembered, made Mr. Curry leader of Tammany Hall. No mayor made Mr. Croker leader. He made the mayors. Even after the consolidation of the greater city Richard Croker had to give less deference to the machines of other boroughs than is now necessary when Brooklyn has more Democratic voters than Manhattan.

Nevertheless, the Tammany of Croker's time was essentially the same as today. Tammany used and still uses gangsters. But no gang has ever gained power to intimidate Tammany as the Capone crowd intimidates the political machine in Chicago. Tammany was and is a very successful broker between the rich and the well-to-do with power, privilege, and profit, and the masses with nothing much but their votes. Nevertheless, no one set of interests owned Tammany in Croker's time or does in ours. Tammany has a long history and its own traditions. It has built a political racket which not only the underworld but the upper world must recognize and deal with respectfully. The machine is no single man's creature. Even Croker's iron rule depended on the acquiescence of district leaders, and he retired when he found that he could not master them. It was Croker's trouble with the Sullivans more than the reform victory of Seth Low which led to Croker's final return to Ireland and the winning of the Derby. Most reform victories have been won either when Tammany has exceeded some ill-defined speed limit in its extortions or when Tammany has been split. Of these basic truths about the Tammany machine, Croker's life gives abundant evidence.

There is more meat in Mr. Stoddard's story of one boss than in Mr. Zink's brief, factual, and rather colorless biography of twenty municipal bosses. These biographies give information in convenient form, but they neither make their heroes live nor give any particular insight into the conditions which made them possible. It is rather surprising to find that Mr. Zink omits from his list, which comes down to our own day, so significant and powerful a figure as John McCooey of Brooklyn. (Mr. McCooey probably rejoices in the fact that on the whole he has more power than publicity in the United States!)

The most interesting part of Mr. Zink's book is his chapters on boss backgrounds, personal characteristics, and business relations. He substantiates his point that there is no "typical" boss. No general observation can be made about their heredity, early poverty, ruthless will power, or political technique to which one cannot find exceptions in the twenty bosses whom Mr. Zink has studied. Mr. Zink's conclusion is right: "Political bosses are not of a different species of human beings but possess the physical, mental, and moral variations of men in general." In other words, to understand boss rule in American cities one must not study so much individual bosses as the impact of plutocracy upon a heterogeneous urban democracy. To this sort of study Mr. Zink has made no particular contribution.

NORMAN THOMAS

The Gauguin Legend

Paul Gauguin: The Calm Madman. By Beril Becker. Albert and Charles Boni. $3.50.

THE sensational facts of Gauguin's life have been violent drink to the myth-makers. Drunk with enthusiasm for a story that would turn daylight into exotic, iridescent nightmare, they have made Gauguin the barnstorming, melodramatic hero of symbolism. Nor are they entirely to blame, for Gauguin himself contributed generously to his own legend. Neglect and poverty had taught him the values of expert showmanship; it is no wonder that on his last visit to Paris in 1895 he made a point of displaying his Javanese mistress as part of his portable equipment. Very well, he would be exotic in the grand manner; there would be no misunderstanding of his contempt for the civilization that had rejected proof of his genius—he would be a savage with literal savagery and vengeance.

"The Moon and Sixpence" was a natural product of the legend, and fitted to the purposes of a talented novelist it became a remarkable piece of fiction—indeed, more valuable as a legend than truth itself. "The Intimate Journals," published with an introduction by Emile, Gauguin's son, were issued with an effort to give the actual facts in the case more conviction and to destroy the popular conception of Gauguin as a cold-blooded monster who sailed away to the South Seas with never a look behind him at the poor creatures, a wife and children, whom he had left in the lurch. "The Intimate Journals" disclosed a personality even more amazing than Somerset Maugham's hero and the author of "Noa, Noa." Here was a man with a vigorous intelligence, a tall body that had withstood twenty years of starvation and disease, and a passion for painting that can be explained only by the use of the word genius. The "Journals" and the publication of Gauguin's letters to de Monfried have resulted in the latest variation of the now famous story under the title of "Paul Gauguin: The Calm Madman."

Again we see poor Gauguin heavily novelized and tricked out in the fancy-dress costumes which were used as his own defense against a hostile world. His present biographer has made a valiant attempt to preserve the factual outline of the story, but like others he cannot resist the temptation to make an exciting biography move forward at twice its normal speed. Gauguin's refusal to drop his responsibilities as a father and husband, and his equal determination to develop as an individual, are dramatized almost beyond human recognition. A fair sample of what is offered may be reproduced in these few statements selected at random: "He heard the violent beating of his heart . . . He had descended into the pit of the maelstrom but he was condemned to live . . . Bah! He must not let self-pity get the best of him . . . What queer blood was in him that doomed him to such an ignoble end . . ." And so on for 336 pages. All this is good, clean fun, with a little blood thrown in to keep the temperature at boiling-

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point, but the actual motives behind the scene are lost. It would be hard to believe that Mr. Becker's protagonist was a highly intelligent man and an artist of unusual power. There is enough action here to supply plots for a dozen romantic biographies, but no valid explanation of how Gauguin found time to paint his South Sea goddesses moving with precise deliberation across broad canvases. If we are to find an answer to the mystery we must return to "The Intimate Journals" and to "Noa, Noa." Or, better still, gaze at the canvases themselves; the "calm madman" disappears, for here is Gauguin's own reply to all who questioned his sanity.

HORACE GREGORY

The Roots of American Literature

American Humor: A Study of the National Character. By Constance Rourke. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

MISS ROURKE'S book establishes the fact that we have in this country a genuinely indigenous, a *whole* literature. Heretofore, except for such studies as Parrington's, our American literature has been presented as a rather poor reflection of English literature. Meantime American folklorists have been very busy tracing analogues in English and European folklore. The work in the two fields of literature and folklore has never been brought to any clarifying focus, nor was there any attempt, before Miss Rourke's, to study the national myths and legends (specifically, their *patterns,* regardless of their possible origins) as they grew up and were expressed in our literature. This, therefore, is Miss Rourke's very important contribution.

Though "American Humor" will doubtless be used as a most valuable introduction to courses in American literature, whether they concern the short story, the novel, or poetry, it will have, of course, a far wider and less biased reading public than the purely academic; for Miss Rourke is one of the few truly scholarly critics who write a beautiful prose. She is able so naturally to fuse her documentary evidence with her critical exposition as to convince any reader that her book (based, as it is, on three or four years of painstaking research) was written for pure pleasure. Her method is undoubtedly that of completing her research before she begins her writing, of holding her facts, not as mere blossoms sprung upward from footnotes, but as the warp and woof of the pattern of her critical ideas.

Her sources for this particular book are the unique and untouched material of the early almanacs during the period from 1830 to 1860, the early joke books, such early sporting and theatrical journals as *The Spirit of the Times,* edited by William T. Porter from 1831 to 1861, old plays embodying Yankee characters, and many very early minstrel songs. From the examination of such materials she discovers that three figures emerge as typical of our cultural history and of our literary sense: first, the Yankee (New Englander first and later American); then the Pioneer, the teller of the tall tale, a figure in some respects akin to the Yankee; and, last, the blacked-up white man who became the American minstrel singer. Miss Rourke makes the important point that the contribution to our literature from the Negro came first not directly from the Negro himself, but indirectly through the blacked-up comedian, who translated Negro humor into the terms of the white civilization.

Each of these three national figures is, in the Meredithian sense, comic, and capable always of the humorous approach to life. The Yankee humor was usually that of understatement; the backwoodsman's, usually that of gross exaggeration and a dramatic delight in prodigious lying; the Negro humor was a good-natured criticism of American life. All these humorists accepted certain definable patterns for their tales and their dramas, and all of them employed the monologue. They turned naturally toward self-dramatization, off stage or on. The strolling players took up the well-known jokes and stories and spread and heightened them; they became more and more self-conscious of their art as they dramatized it. English criticism of American character brought out and helped to fix the pattern of the American characteristics. A prolonged childhood (through the gradual extension of the frontier) gave Americans a deeper sense of their own individuality. This, along with primitive resilience and a half-physical exuberance, carried the American comic myths and legends forward. Then, very tiny at first, a cloud of culture appeared on the horizon (in female characters aspiring toward bluestocking ideals), and at last we were ready for the drawing together of all this primary stuff of literature into works of literary art.

We had arrived at Emerson, with his oracles, his monologues, his familiar imagery, and his exaggeration of hitching one's wagon to a star; we had come to Thoreau, with his deeper tone of wonder and his figurative speech. Along came Whitman, the consummation of many of these characteristics, with his local prejudices, national prepossessions, and fantastic faith—"the first man to possess a sense of the whole civilization." Even Poe used a kind of hysterical comedy. And Melville exploited to its greatest literary possibilities the humor of exaggeration, the epic spirit of the frontier. None of these writers, however, as Miss Rourke says, could be so deeply grounded in popular lore as other literatures had been grounded in such sources. Their quick drafts, their breathless haste, may have been the final cause of incompletion from which they all suffered. Yet comedy was everywhere and had deepened in our literature. In the West there were Bret Harte and others, and finally, as a product of Eastern civilization, Henry James stepped forward "bent upon a purpose that had absorbed many American fabulists, that of drawing the larger and generic American Character."

The prevailing tone of the national character as it emerged from myth and legend was, as Miss Rourke points out, predominantly poetic and vitally comic. Poets like Robinson, Frost, and Lindsay indicated this again, and the author's study might have been continued down even to the present year's books: Hart Crane in poetry, Lynn Riggs in drama. But a study must close somewhere, and Miss Rourke closes by pointing out that while the mingling of the theme of defeat with the theme of comedy has been necessary to the maturity of our literature, we have as writers always been too healthily humorous to remain obsessed, as we might today seem to be, with the subject of disillusionment.

EDA LOU WALTON

Foch

The Memoirs of Marshal Foch. Translated by Colonel T. Bentley Mott. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $5.

FOCH, as we know, refused to publish his memoirs during his lifetime, and at his death, the publishers of the present volume tell us, his family intended to postpone publication for ten or fifteen years. The appearance of the memoirs now is due to "recent bitter controversies on which they have so great a bearing." As it is, the memoirs are a fragment. Foch's original intention was to write what in effect would have been a history of the World War, but not only did time and strength for that task fail him, but he also left unrecorded the story of his career from April, 1915, at the close of the first

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Allied attempt against the fortified German front, to March, 1918, when the German offensive on the Scarpe and the Oise began. A forty-page summary of events during this three-year period is supplied by an unnamed hand under the direction of Foch's military associates.

The interval was one of great importance to Foch, since into it fall his displacement by Nivelle as commander of the northern armies because political chagrin at the outcome of the Somme battle required a victim, his visits to Italy, his designation by Painlevé as Chief of the French General Staff, the defection of Russia, the creation of a Supreme War Council and the development of the controversy over an Interallied High Command, and the entrance of the United States into the war. The gap in the memoirs is perhaps explained by Foch's purpose to set down first his account of the events in which he was one of the principal figures, leaving to a later time, which unhappily did not come, the record of the years in which he was out of favor at Paris and a subordinate.

Anyone who turns to the memoirs with the expectation of finding them dramatic or entertaining will be disappointed. Nine-tenths of the book at least is concerned exclusively with military operations, and what is said is matter-of-fact, extremely detailed, and so technical as to make slight appeal to the reader who is not a military expert. The memoirs show Foch as a kind of intellectual machine, cold, resolute, able, supremely self-confident, and sparing of words even on the rare occasions in which he indulges in praise. There was no warmth in his nature and there is none in his book. His outlook upon the war was that of a soldier who had studied its possibilities in every phase, who recognized the initial superiority of the German military preparations to those of France, who had evolved a perfectly definite plan of what should be done, but who felt little or none of the traditional soldier's generosity toward the enemy whose purpose he did so much to thwart. He begins his chronicle with a typically French arraignment of *Weltpolitik*, and in his detailed account of the armistice negotiations reveals himself as essentially a soulless, immovable conquerer deaf to pleas for consideration and bent upon compelling the Germans to beg for an armistice without giving them the least hint of the terms that might be granted. If anyone still imagines that Foch had bowels, a reading of his last two chapters will dissipate that notion.

In what is said of political and diplomatic matters Foch evinces consistent restraint. There is no complaint of the treatment which he had to put up with from politicians, nor of the trials which attended his efforts to bring about a unified command of the Allied forces. He records without bitterness the obstructive attitude of Kitchener and Haig toward cooperation, and the repeated interference of politics with military plans and operations. One gathers that he thought Lloyd George a good deal of a nuisance at times, Winston Churchill a close second, and Woodrow Wilson a rather presumptuous idealist, but if he felt ill-will he does not emphasize it. His opinion of Pershing is typical of the sparing praise for individuals which is found in his pages. Pershing, he says, came to France "full of the idea of commanding a great American army as soon as possible." The later impression was that of a man whose "experience and character . . . were a guaranty that whenever he might engage American troops he would only halt after success had been achieved."

Foch had two main difficulties to contend with. He had to reconstruct the French military machine from one designed primarily for defense to one fully equipped for offense, and to bring the Allied governments to a realization of the imperative need of a unified military command. The first called for military ability of a high order, and in the undertaking his profound knowledge of the art of war and his clear, cold perception of what had to be done stood him in good stead. The second called for diplomacy, but more for a stubborn refusal to yield the point. The chief value of the memoirs, aside from the technical record which they present, is in the light they throw on the steps by which both of these results were eventually attained.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Books in Brief

New Schools for Young India. By William J. McKee. University of North Carolina Press. $4.50.

Two of India's basic problems are the development of an educational system adapted to that country's peculiar needs and spread among the masses, and the rescue of the 750,000 villages from their present desperate economic, hygienic, and social state. The whole problem of India's education was briefly but readably set forth about four years ago by Arthur Mayhew in his "Education of India" (not mentioned in our author's bibliography) and was recently studied in detail by the Hartog committee in connection with the Simon Commission; the village problem has just this fall been brilliantly presented in Gertrude Emerson's "Voiceless India." Those two problems meet in the subject of primary education, for about 90 per cent of India's population lives in villages. Professor McKee, after a successful educational experience in India, discusses primary education there from the point of view of a professional educator, reviewing the history of that subject—a dispiriting spectacle—and describing recent experiments to make primary education "progressive." His aim is entirely utilitarian; every section of his book is focused on the problem of devising an adequate curriculum. His solution is the modern one of "functional education," that is, of relating the child's school life to his outside life through the interests of the latter, a solution with which he has already experimented successfully in India; and it seems indisputable that such a program would represent an enormous advance over the present. His argument is clearly developed; the discussion sober and scholarly; and the book one of the most important contributions yet made to the study of primary education in India.

The Meaning of the Glorious Koran. An Explanatory Translation by Marmaduke Pickthall. Alfred A. Knopf. $7.50.

The author is an Englishman who has lived for many years in the Near East and India and has written a number of valuable books on Moslem life. He has become a convert to Islam, and the present volume is a work of devotion intended to provide an authorized text for English Moslems and to displace existing translations which, having been done by men who were skeptical of or hostile to Mohammed's evangel, were not strict enough in their interpretation. Mr. Pickthall has done his task well. It may be granted that no English version can reproduce the qualities of the original; yet the Mohammedan Bible, judged purely as literature, seems a confused and ill-written book. The fact that several hundred million people regard it not alone as final revelation but as the very greatest work of literature may give rise to a disquieting suspicion, among some Western readers, that cultivated Hindu or Chinese scholars, uninfluenced by our traditional attitudes, might similarly set the Bible, as literature, below our own enthusiastic estimates.

Adventure or Experience. By Dorothy Brewster and Angus Burrell. Columbia University Press. $2.50.

The authors of "Dead Reckonings in Fiction" continue their exploration of contemporary fiction in this somewhat slenderer volume, where they consider among others George

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Gissing, Somerset Maugham, Arnold Bennett, Thomas Mann, and Virginia Woolf. They are always sensible and illuminating in their remarks upon individual works; but perhaps their most significant contribution in this case is a distinction which they draw between adventure, or the raw material of life, and experience, or the realization of what it means—either to a writer or to a reader.

Survey of American Foreign Relations, 1930. Prepared under the Direction of Charles P. Howland, Director of Research of the Council on Foreign Relations. Yale University Press. $5.

The third annual volume of this useful handbook is given over principally to a discussion of American relations with China and the islands of the Pacific, with, in the case of China, a considerable background of history and social description. A short chapter is devoted to the international relations of the Philippines and the questions which they raise for the United States, but omitting the question of independence, and another traces the preemption of islands or scattered groups by Great Britain, France, the United States, and Japan. The other contents include an extended review of the negotiations for a limitation of armaments, a brief history of the first test of the Kellogg-Briand anti-war pact in the Chinese Eastern Railway controversy, an account of the Young Plan (to which is appended an informing note on the French debt settlement), and a chapter on alien-enemy property and the policy of the United States and other countries in relation thereto. The volume, to which a considerable number of authorities have contributed, continues the policy of providing "for certain foreign relations of the United States the background—historical, cultural, economic—without which those particular relations cannot be well understood." Criticism, where it appears, is studiously restrained.

Music

Stokowski

ARTURO TOSCANINI, according to an illuminating though very possibly apocryphal story, is said to have remarked that although other conductors often come to listen to him and go away singing praises, he is always disappointed to find that they play no better than they did before hearing him. When he was a young man, it appears, he heard Richter play the Prelude to the "Meistersinger." Finding much in that performance with which he did not agree, he restudied the score, decided that Richter was right, and has played it Richter's way ever since. Those who have heard his Bayreuth performances and those of Karl Muck say similar things: Toscanini has not hesitated, it appears, to help himself to the best in Muck's readings of the Wagner scores.

Mr. Koussevitzky, envisaging the possibility of comparison with Mr. Toscanini, does not, perhaps, carry humility as far as learning from him. But he chooses the better part of valor and, in general, avoids unfavorable comparison by making the catholicity and the discrimination of his program-making the main attraction.

The prudence of Mr. Koussevitzky and the humility of Mr. Toscanini are alike foreign to Mr. Stokowski. At the time of the exchange of conductors, earlier in the season, he gave out a statement extolling Mr. Toscanini. But he did not hesitate, upon his recent return with the Philadelphia Orchestra, to present a program the first half of which invited comparison of the two orchestras, and the second, of the two men. Those who heard him do the Fourth Symphony of Brahms with both orchestras say that the performance with his own orchestra was the better—a result hardly surprising. But not more than the *molto espressivo* of the first few measures of the "Lohengrin" Prelude was needed to show that Mr. Stokowski would have been wiser to have avoided the Wagner excerpts. And after the long-drawn-out languishing of the last part of the Bacchanale it was clear that the sense of form that Mr. Toscanini so eminently possesses is what makes us accept many phases of his interpretation which without that structural coherence would be offensive.

I think it was that formal logic, more than anything else, that made Mr. Toscanini's unconventional playing of the Brahms Third nevertheless convincing, and the lack of it that kept Mr. Stokowski's performance of the Fourth from having more power than it did. Mr. Toscanini's tempi, especially in the last movement, were much faster than the customary ones; and by slighting the rhythmic value of the two measures that introduce the first movement he robbed the opening of much of its effect. But while he occasionally swallows words and rushes through scenes, the main import of the drama and the scheme of its expression are constantly present to him.

Mr. Stokowski, in the Fourth, chose his tempi with more success. But he cannot, it seems, resist the temptation to linger over a luscious syllable—even though by so doing he thereby gives to it an importance that belongs to more important passages—and to rush from one scene to another without so much as a breath, when he pleases. Mr. Toscanini may at times rush Brahms through his story, but the main outlines of the plot still stand out, the moments of repose, though sometimes short, are always in the right place, and it remains a convincing and a moving story. Mr. Stokowski, on the other hand, finding four measures in the first movement of the E-minor (Measures 90-91 and following—the measures are numbered in the Philharmonia pocket score) that would have sounded well in an *andante con moto* movement, interrupts the action entirely so that his violins may sing these precious measures tenderly. A few pages earlier (at Measures 44-45) he has not hesitated to ignore the significance of a well-defined and repeated cadence, marking the end of a long, modulatory passage, by rushing by it at full speed. His treatment of the two passages is in each case extreme: on the one hand he pushes the expressive to the sloppy; on the other, the restrained to the inarticulate. Each offense is heightened by the other. Thus his judicious choice of tempo goes for nothing: his play has come out exactly on time, perhaps, but Hamlet and Polonius have exchanged roles.

I may as well admit that Mr. Toscanini's treatment of those two introductory measures of the Third rather weakens the argument, and that only by ascribing motives, a dangerous business, does one justify in Mr. Toscanini what one finds offensive in Mr. Stokowski. But, for one thing, such lapses are much more frequent in the latter than in the former. And I confess that Stokowski's stage tricks annoy me, and that I find it hard to separate his inconsistency in matters not purely musical from his illogic in performance. He makes a great point, for example, of excluding late-comers from the hall until the intermission, whether or not the works in the first group are in any way related. Scores of those who have gained admission, on the other hand, are still wandering down the aisles when Mr. Stokowski leaps on to the platform and, without so much as a snap of the fingers, begins. By these and similar foibles he lays himself open to the charge of paying less than whole-hearted attention to a faithful interpretation of the music, so that when his playing seems strange or illogical, one is not inclined to make allowances for good intentions. How much the most reasoned comment may be affected by such considerations, no one, least of all the commentator, can say.

ARTHUR MENDEL

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*House Beautiful—Apollo—W. 42 St.
*Peter Ibbetson—Shubert—44 St. W. of B'way.
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†Once in a Lifetime—Music Box—W. 45 St.
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*The Green Pastures—Mansfield—W. 47 St.
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†The Wiser They Are—Plymouth—W. 45 St.
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* Drama. † Comedy. ‡Musical.

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Liebe Uber Alles—5 Ave. Playhouse—66 Fifth Ave.

Discussion

Soviet Russia—Hope or Despair of the World, by Mark H. Dix, Sunday, April 19, 4:30, the Auditorium, 150 W. 85 St.
Has Our New Freedom Brought Us Happiness, Dr. Louis L. Newman, Tuesday, April 21, 8:30, the Auditorium, 150 W. 85 St.
In Defense of the Senate, Robert M. LaFollette, Jr., Sunday, April 26, at 8:30, the Auditorium, 150 W. 85 St.

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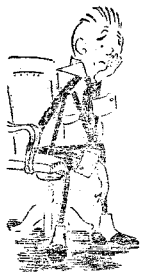

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Drama

The Harder They Fall

"THE WISER THEY ARE" is the title of a new comedy by Sheridan Gibney at the Plymouth Theater, the moral of this comedy being, shall we say, The Harder They Fall. If no moral is announced in any of Mr. Gibney's lines, none is necessary, for the situation is as familiar as life, not to speak of literature, and Mr. Gibney, unless he had been destined to write a comedy that would make him immortal, could hardly have dealt with the situation otherwise than as he did. His hero, Bruce Ingram, is the sort of man we never seem to grow tired of—a wealthy, tired young man, moderately a rake, who has been pursued so long by so many women that he knows everything he needs to know. Everything, that is, except—ah! yes, except love, which now at the beginning of the play he confesses he feels for a girl who looks as if she were going to be the heroine; and she certainly is. She at least is a match for the wealthy, tired young man, for although she too pursues him she does so in such a disarming manner that he soon believes he is pursuing her; and the play shows him tumbling after her in her flighty progress through New York. With all his wisdom he finds himself always just one move behind her; with all his cynicism he feels himself fascinated; even he can become jealous; even he can become something of a fool. The wiser they are the harder they fall.

But this is hardly to describe the play, or to assign the reason for its merit, which is considerable. The plot and the leading characters already existed for Gibney, as did our capacity for becoming interested in them. What Mr. Gibney had to do, and what he managed to do, was to be always fresh and contemporary in his dialogue. The pleasure of his first-night audience was the pleasure of feeling secure, speech by speech, that the commonplace would be avoided. So it was. Mr. Gibney, challenged to be smart, was smart in virtually every crucial line; he proved that he had a perfect sense of what in this situation had been too often said. Our suspense was not at all a suspense as to the general drift of what the characters would say; what we waited for was the way they would say it. We were never disappointed. Which is not to hail "The Wiser They Are" as a triumph exactly, but to recommend it as the very crisp entertainment that it is. The playing of Osgood Perkins as Bruce and of Ruth Gordon as Trixie has much to do with what might otherwise have been only a fragile success. Mr. Perkins has the proper amount of humorous hardness for his part, and Miss Gordon, as all her appearances have demonstrated, is hardly to be matched on Broadway for her ability to combine flippancy with innocence and charm with imbecility.

"Joy of Living" (Masque Theater), adapted by Louise Carter from the German of Rudolf Lothar and Hans Bachwitz, can boast in Taylor Holmes and Donald Brian two of the best inebriates of the season. Beyond that, and beyond the authors' rather interesting conception of a nouveau riche hero, the play has little to offer, particularly as it is spoiled at the end of a drunken first act by the intrusion of a woman whose presence on the stage is never quite justified or understood. "Right of Happiness" (Vanderbilt Theater), by Roy Daavidson, is of even less consequence, being incredible from start to finish.

MARK VAN DOREN

To help solve
YOUR SUMMER PROBLEMS
See page iii

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The German-Austrian Customs Union

By FRIEDRICH HERTZ

Halle, March 30

IN Germany and Austria the news of the proposed German-Austrian customs union has been soberly received by public opinion, though of course with sympathy. The press on the whole has refrained from exuberant hopes. Many liberal and Socialist papers have even doubted that the movement was the right one for such a scheme. Most papers have emphasized the desirability of other states joining the union, too. The agrarians are afraid that the union might lead to a lowering of the tariffs. Keen advocates of a political fusion have complained that the proposed economic agreement might take the pith out of the movement toward a complete *Anschluss*.

On the contrary, strangely enough, the radical Nationalists have made a very sour face. The *Völkische Beobachter,* edited by Adolf Hitler, said on March 28 that it was a mistake to consider the plan as a move in the right Pan-German spirit. On the contrary, this paper says, the German Foreign Minister wished nothing more fervently than to prepare an economic Pan-European union in accordance with his Francophile policy. Nevertheless, the French attacks were eagerly reported by the Nationalist press as a symptom of the implacable hostility of the hereditary enemy. Nothing is more welcome to the German Nationalists than the prospect of France getting the upper hand in this question, and the Hitler press is already rejoicing in the hope that the scheme will fail and that the republican system in Germany will then break down.

However, even in England opinion is widespread that Germany and Austria made at least a tactical blunder by not informing the other states beforehand about their designs. The Austrian government denies this and declares that the other states were officially informed before the preliminary pact was signed. However, what is really meant by those who accuse Germany and Austria of impoliteness is much more than a failure to observe diplomatic forms. They think that the two governments should have discussed the whole affair with the other side in order to find a possible compromise.

This seems at least to be the English view. But the highly excitable temper of France makes it doubtful that such a step could have brought about a compromise. France seems to believe that it has an absolute right to veto every sort of cooperation between Germany and Austria. It may be asked whether certain strong words used by French politicians and newspapers do not constitute a much worse breach of international comity than that attributed to Herr Curtius and Herr Schober; or whether France and the Little Entente states have ever submitted their own numerous agreements, which certainly affect the interests of their neighbors, to a previous friendly discussion with Germany and Austria.

France will of course assert that this is quite a different matter, Germany and Austria being bound by certain clauses of the peace treaties. If it is a question of international law, it ought to be decided by judicial procedure, for example, before the High Court of The Hague. The Council of the League of Nations is not a judicial court. The very statute of the League (Article 13) provides that questions of international law are to be decided by a court of arbitration, not by the Council of the League. When the British government asked Germany and Austria to submit their scheme to the Council of the League, both states answered that they did not object to a judicial decision, but that they declined to have the case judged by a political body. This answer has aroused great indignation, even in England. A few days later M. Briand revealed that Mr. Henderson had proposed to him to bring the case before the High Court at The Hague and that he, M. Briand, had declined to do so.

France asserts that Austria has bound herself by the Pact of Geneva to acknowledge the decision of the League on the question whether or not an economic agreement constitutes an infringement of her independence. Yet the text of the Pact of Geneva does not contain any such obligation for Austria except in Protocols II and III, concerning purely financial matters. No such obligation has been imposed upon Austria as regards the question of independence. Neither does the peace treaty contain such a clause. Therefore only the general rules of international law hold good.

It is difficult to see how a compromise is possible as long as French intransigence prevails. France has good reasons to place upon the aggressive Pan-Germans and the militarists of the old regime the burden of a terrible war-guilt. Nor has this spirit yet died out in Germany. Yet, tragically enough, France does not realize that by maintaining the deepest distrust toward the new Germany she is largely responsible for the rise of radical nationalism in this country. The German Socialists, Catholics, and liberals are fighting vigorously against the barbarism of Hitler and the spirit of revenge. Yet their struggle is hampered by the fact that France is insisting with extraordinary tenacity on the system incorporated in the peace treaties, a system which denies full equality and fair treatment to the German nation. Even the concessions made with respect to the occupation of the Rhineland have been reached so slowly and after so much petty bartering that the psychological effect has been to a large extent lost. On the other side, German nationalism is hardly less to blame for its blindness and arrogance. Toward Austria the policy of France and her allies has been more lenient of late years, and the result is that hardly a trace of hostility against the former enemies has survived.

With respect to the special problem before us the great psychological blunder of France is that every wish of Germany and Austria for a closer union is denounced as the outcome of an aggressive and imperialist viewpoint; even a merely economic cooperation is interpreted in this sense. This is felt as a grave insult by millions of German and Austrian pacifists who are cherishing the customs union and

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working for it because they consider it a most efficient means for a real pacification of Europe. If French statesmen—who must wish an international understanding—are so unable to understand the mentality of the great majority of sincere pacifists in Germany and if they continue to hurl the accusation of veiled imperialism, then we must despair of arriving at a better understanding between nations.

The real motives of the present scheme are predominantly economic, though, of course, cultural affinity and national sympathy are fostering influences. The agreement aims at alleviating some of the consequences of the economic "war of all against all," brought about by the breaking up of great economic units into small fragments. The new states in Central and Eastern Europe were foremost in following a policy of extreme protectionism, and in consequence Austria has been almost strangled to death and her conditions of existence have become insupportable. Careful calculations of the Vienna Chamber of Commerce show that in 1927 the average proportion of customs to the value of goods was 19.2 per cent in Austria, 36.4 per cent in Czecho-Slovakia, 31.1 per cent in Hungary, 34.8 per cent in Jugoslavia, 43.3 per cent in Poland, and 98.4 per cent in Rumania. This shows the economic pressure to which Austria has been exposed by her neighbors. The result of it has been an excessively low standard of living in Austria. The national income per capita is 70 per cent higher in Germany than in Austria, and in England the average income is about 2.5 times larger. In the treaties of St. Germain (Clauses 51 and 57), the Allies reserved the right to lay down rules for fair trade conditions between some of the new states. But no use has been made of these clauses for securing fair treatment to Austrian commerce. All the international negotiations for lowering excessive tariffs and organizing larger economic units have come to nothing. Therefore Austria cannot be reproached for seeking a way out of her distress by gaining admittance to the large market of Germany.

France herself has certainly no interest in keeping Austria in economic fetters. But unfortunately Czecho-Slovakia still believes in this policy, occasionally with some doubt as to its expediency. France and Czecho-Slovakia maintain that a customs union between Austria and Germany would infringe upon the independence of Austria and therefore violate a clause of the Pact of Geneva of 1922. It has never been admitted by international law that a customs union could do anything of the sort. Has Luxembourg lost its independence by the customs union with Belgium? France, indeed, has attempted to bring about a customs union between Austria and Czecho-Slovakia, and if an economic union could be interpreted as an encroachment on political sovereignty at all, then this, too, would have been a breach of the peace treaty and of the Pact of Geneva.

France has admitted by her advocacy of a Danubian customs union that such a scheme does not impair the political independence of any state. The Austro-German agreement takes care not to restrict the economic independence of the participants. Every state may join the pact, every state retains a free hand to conclude treaties for itself, there is to be no common council, the agreement is for a short term, and any member may give notice to cancel it. Moreover, Czecho-Slovakia has expressly been invited to join. If France still considers this to be an infringement of the independence of Austria, why not submit this question to an impartial court of arbitration? Are not the conditions under which Austria is forced to live at present the opposite of real independence?

Contributors to This Issue

ROMAIN ROLLAND, author of "Jean-Christophe," "Colas Breugnon," "Goethe and Beethoven," and many other world-famous works, and winner of the Nobel prize for literature in 1915, has been ever since the beginning of the World War the outstanding literary exponent of pacifism.

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